

My boyfriend can't be this cute (pt2) | Hyunlix
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[Stray Kids \(Band\)](#)

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[Hwang Hyunjin](#), [Lee Felix \(Stray Kids\)](#), [Bang Chan \(Stray Kids\)](#), [Han Jisung](#) | [Han](#), [Lee Minho](#) | [Lee Know](#), [Kim Seungmin \(Stray Kids\)](#), [Seo Changbin](#), [Yang Jeongin](#) | [I.N](#)

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by [b0babirb](#)

Summary

It'd been a year since Hyunjin's death.
Well... a year since he was declared dead.

Felix thought he was safe now, that everything was fine, but oh, it wasn't.

Hyunjin was back. And he was ready to reclaim what the world stole from him.

Notes

hai everyone :p
im so glad u guys enjoyed the last book a lot, i'm hoping u guys enjoy this one too >:]

note: if you are new, please do not proceed without reading BOOK 1 as this is part of a series

please remember you must be 18+ to read due to extreme explicit and mature themes

-

Spotify playlist for this fic: <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/0D1BeduUaBCgqr257eqk4K>
or search my spotify user: iloveferret

~

enjoy! :D

Chapter 1: Nothing

I love you, my angel.

...What?

Felix froze, the words spinning in his mind like shards of glass. He blinked, unsure whether to breathe or not or throw the phone across the room. His fingers clenched instinctively around it, nails pressing into his palms.

Footsteps approached behind him, pulling him out of the daze. "What was it?" Jisung asked.

Felix cleared his throat, his heartbeat thudding painfully in his ears. He didn't know what to do. He didn't even understand what that note meant—but some instinct told him it wasn't something he should show. With a quick, almost panicked motion, he crumpled the sticky note in his hand and shoved it into his pocket.

"It's... nothing," he said, forcing his voice to stay even. "The police just returned my phone,"

But he was just a second too late. Jisung's eyes flicked to the slight bulge in Felix's pocket. "...Really? And what was that?"

Felix's chest tightened, a sudden pang of panic. He fumbled for an excuse. "It's nothing, Ji... just a gum wrapper," he muttered, voice slightly too high, too quick.

Chan's voice broke in from behind. "You got your phone back?" he asked, wrapping an arm around Felix's waist, drawing him closer.

Felix nodded quickly, turning toward Chan, grateful for the distraction. "Yeah... thankfully someone returned it," he said, letting his voice soften as he met Chan's gentle gaze.

Chan smiled, pressing a light kiss to Felix's temple. "Thank god for them. Come on, let's finish eating now," he said, tugging gently at Felix's hand.

Jisung, still shooting him a look that suggested he knew Felix was hiding something, finally let out a sigh and returned to the table,

shaking his head with an almost amused expression.

Chan noticed the glance. "...something happen?" he asked, voice low and careful.

Felix forced a smile, warm and easy, even though his chest was still hammering. "Nothing. Let's eat."

And yet, even as he followed Chan back to the table, his mind refused to settle.

What was that note? Who would leave it?

He tried to rationalise it—probably just some stupid teen seeing me on the news, playing a prank, right? Just a little joke. Nothing serious...

-

The night had grown late, the sky outside now a deep inky black.

Seungmin and Jeongin were already at the door, saying their goodbyes with quick hugs and promises to meet up again soon. Meanwhile, Jisung was trying—less than successfully—to peel his dumb drunk husband off the couch with Chan's patient help.

"Come on honey, we need to leave," Jisung cooed despite his exhaustion, tugging gently at Minho's arm. But Minho only slumped further, letting out a dramatic groan.

"I guess you weren't lying when you said he's a heavy drinker," Chan chuckled, gripping Minho's other arm and carefully draping it over his shoulder.

"Should I drive you guys back? You're both too drunk to—" Chan started.

Jisung waved him off, still trying to wrestle Minho upright. "No thanks. I can drive."

Chan pressed gently, one hand still holding Minho up. "You've had, like... two cups of wine. Please, let me drive you."

"I said I'm fine," jisung insisted.

Chan raised an eyebrow, refusing to give up. "Are you sure? Because I really don't mind—"

"Calm down boys, let me drive," Minho hiccuped, leaning heavily into Jisung and earning a sharp 'tsk' from him.

"Fine," Chan said with a soft sigh, but his hand didn't leave Minho's shoulder. "At least let me order you an Uber," he suggested, his tone gentle, almost pleading.

Felix watched the scene quietly from the kitchen doorway, his hands still tucked into his pockets. His chest ached slightly, a pang of warmth hitting him. Chan... he was always too nice for his own good, always insisting on helping others even when he was the one who probably needed it most.

Felix swallowed, a soft breath catching in his throat. He didn't realise how much he'd come to rely on Chan—not just for safety or comfort, but just... for the steady presence that made everything feel a little less heavy.

The three of them finally made it to the door, and Chan handed Minho over to Jisung with a quiet, "Be careful," before stepping back. Minho swayed like a leaf in the wind, mumbling something incoherent, while Jisung glared at him.

Felix watched them go, heart still oddly tight. He tucked his hands deeper into his pockets, feeling the small folded note press against his fingers.

Right. The note.

—

Chan sighed, sinking onto the corner of the bed with a heavy, dramatic slump. "Gosh... I'm so tired," he mumbled, tugging his shirt over his head and tossing it onto the floor.

Felix lay under the blankets, scrolling on his phone. The clock on the bedside table glowed faintly: 10:57 PM. It had been an hour since the party ended.

Earlier, Felix had helped Chan clean up, washing dishes, vacuuming crumbs from the floor, and stacking leftover bottles neatly. Today had been exhausting—emotionally and physically—but finally, they could rest.

Chan stretched lazily, rolling onto his side before scooping Felix close. His arms curled around him warmly, the steady thrum of his heartbeat pressed into Felix's back.

"It's late baby," Chan murmured, nuzzling the side of Felix's neck. "When are you gonna sleep? we have work tomorrow."

Felix shifted slightly, curling further into the heat of Chan's chest, phone still clutched in his hands. "I'll sleep when I'm tired," he mumbled.

Chan chuckled softly, brushing a thumb along Felix's arm. The warmth of his hand made Felix's muscles relax instinctively.

Before Felix could protest, Chan's other hand lifted his phone away, tucking it onto the bedside table with a soft click. "Hey—" Felix began, pouting automatically, the small whine of his voice betraying his stubbornness.

Chan only smiled, "Sleep with me, yeah?"

Felix hesitated, phone now forgotten. "Fine," he murmured, shifting into a more comfortable position.

—

7:03 AM.

The apartment smelled faintly of butter and toast. Chan shuffled around the kitchen in sweats, hurriedly wiping down the bench after making scrambled eggs and vegemite toast.

At the dining table, Felix sat hunched, phone in one hand, fork in the other, mindlessly scrolling as he chewed. His hair was still a little messy from sleep, and his plate was already half-empty.

"Babe have you seen my AirPods?" Chan asked, tugging open a drawer and frowning when it came up empty.

"They're probably in the bedroom," Felix replied, not looking up. "Otherwise... no clue." He finally set his phone down, noticing the restless edge in Chan's voice.

"What's wrong? You're in a rush—work doesn't start in like half an hour." his brows pinched together.

"It's nothing. Just..." Chan exhaled, shoulders tense. "you know i hate losing things."

Felix opened his mouth to reassure him, but the sharp buzz of Chan's phone cut through the kitchen. The screen lit up on the counter: Han.

Chan swiped it up without hesitation. "Hello?"

Felix poked absently at his eggs, chewing slow.

"...Yeah? Why?" Chan's voice dropped slightly, his eyes flicking toward Felix.

Felix paused, fork midway to his lips then looked up.

Then Chan went utterly still. His knuckles whitened around the phone, his breath caught.

"...what do you mean he's still alive?"

Chapter 2: Something

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jisung could barely wrap his head around it.

When the chief had called him into his office, he'd expected a reprimand about paperwork or maybe a new case assignment—what he hadn't expected was to sit across from his superior and hear the words:

“Hwang Hyunjin is still alive.”

For a long moment, all Jisung could do was stare, his brain struggling to catch up. The name rang in his skull like a gunshot. The monster he'd chased, the one he'd seen fall, the one whose body he'd watched be carted away—dead. Declared. Official. Done.

Except... not.

The reports were spread across the desk, crime scene photos clipped to pages, ink still sharp and fresh. He forced himself to read, though every word felt heavier than the last.

Female staff member found mutilated at the morgue.
Container that once held Hwang Hyunjin's remains was missing.
Body inside was identified as an unrecognisable corpse, believed to be Dr. Lin—missing since last year after filing Hyunjin's biopsy report.

Jisung's stomach turned.

At first, he refused to believe it. How? How had this gone unnoticed for an entire year? He'd seen the death certificate, heard the flatline, watched the paperwork roll in. How was Hyunjin alive after his heart had stopped, after machines confirmed the absence of life?

None of it made sense.

The thought made bile rise in his throat.

The first person who came to mind was Felix. His angel-faced friend who had barely survived, who still carried scars—inside and out. But how could Jisung tell him this? How could he shatter the fragile

healing Felix had built with Chan, with therapy, with the illusion of safety?

He couldn't.

So he dialed Chan instead. His voice cracked once, but he pushed it down, delivering the words quickly, cleanly, because Chan would know how to break it gently. Or at least better than Jsung ever could.

When the call ended, he sat frozen in the chief's office, nausea twisting his insides. The world tilted in the worst way. A year of peace—fake. The closure they thought they had—fake. The monster's death—fake.

Where was Hyunjin now? What was he doing? Why was he back?

And how the hell had anyone let this happen?

"Officer Han," the chief's voice snapped him back. "You don't have to stay on this. I'd recommend letting other detectives handle it."

Jisung lifted his head, jaw tight, the pit in his stomach hardening into resolve. "With all due respect, Chief, I'm not stepping down. I want this case. I want to be the only official on it."

The chief studied him for a beat before sighing. "You won't be alone. Another detective is being transferred in tomorrow. But... you'll be lead."

Jisung nodded once, curt and sharp, even as his pulse thundered in his ears.

Lead on the case of the monster who refused to stay dead.

—

Last year (at the crime scene):

There Hyunjin lay.

Eyes wide open, glassy. no breath. no twitch. just stillness.

Jisung stared, unblinking, like if he glared hard enough he could force life back into him just to watch it drain away again. He wanted proof. He wanted to be absolutely sure.

The body was a ruin. Blood pooled around the skull, slick and dark, dripping into the cracks of the concrete. One eye bled thick and heavy, a single streak crawling down his cheek like a tear.

It should've been tragic. but god, the sight of it was achingly satisfying.

A monster finally down.

Officers moved in around him, voices calling orders, gloves snapping as they bagged evidence. They covered the body, lifted it onto the stretcher, carried it out under flashing lights. the mess was scrubbed clean until only faint stains remained.

Hwang hyunjin was dead.

Or so they prayed.

-

Jisung knew minho would tear the station apart to keep him away from this case, to keep him safe. Minho would rather break every bone in his own body than let Jisung dive headfirst back into that hell.

And Jisung couldn't let that happen. He couldn't be protected from this. He needed it.

So he'd already made the choice: Minho would never know. Not until the end. Some truths were better left buried, and this was one of them.

Because Jisung wasn't planning to kill Hyunjin when he found him again.

No—he wanted Hyunjin caged. Locked behind bars, rotting, forced to face the suffocating weight of his own existence. Jisung wanted him broken the way he had broken others. Wanted him to live long enough to suffer, to drown in the same mental torture he'd inflicted on Felix, on jisung himself, on every single victim who never got the chance to crawl out alive.

Hyunjin's past? Jisung couldn't have given one more of a fuck than he already did.

It didn't matter. His father was dead. His mother was dead. His whole childhood went up in flames. So what? Everyone had scars. Everyone

carried darkness. Hyunjin chose what he became. He chose to turn pain into cruelty, to turn grief into slaughter.

And jisung wasn't about to give him the satisfaction of being remembered as a victim.

The only person he ever told about Hyunjin's real past—the ugly truths no one else had seen—was Chan. He didn't know why, not exactly. Maybe because Chan had always carried Felix, had always deserved to know what they were really up against.

But Felix? Never. Felix couldn't know. He had endured enough. He didn't need those shadows crawling back into his mind. And the chiefs? The public? Not a chance. Let them chase rumors and myths. Hyunjin didn't deserve history, only infamy.

The hatred Jisung felt staring down at that bloodied corpse was something new. something raw.

Not pity. not sorrow. hatred so sharp it felt like fire in his veins.

Because at the end of the day, it didn't matter what the world had done to Hyunjin. It mattered what Hyunjin had done to the world. To people who never deserved it. To Felix. To him.

Hyunjin wasn't human.

And jisung swore he'd never waste an ounce of empathy on a monster.

Chapter End Notes

how do we like so far? :p

Chapter 3: Alive

The call ended, but the words wouldn't leave Chan's head.

Hyunjin is still alive.

Alive. Missing. A ghost turned flesh again.

"...Please, for now, you and Felix should not leave the apartment. Patrol cars are already circling your block. Lock the doors. Close the windows. If anything happens, no matter how small, call me immediately. And Chan... break it down to Felix... gently."

Chan stood frozen in the kitchen, phone still clutched in his hand, the dial tone long since gone. His pulse thundered in his ears.

Hyunjin. Alive.

No. That wasn't possible. He'd been dead. Declared dead. Buried in headlines, dissected in reports, sealed in morgue drawers. Dead.

So then... what? Had he been alive this whole time? Hiding? Watching? Had Felix ever truly been safe—or had the monster been biding his time, waiting to reclaim what he thought was his?

The thought made Chan's stomach twist until it ached.

"What'd he say?" Felix's voice cut through the haze. soft. curious. innocent.

Chan blinked hard, snapping himself out of it. He looked at Felix—sitting at the table with toast crumbs dotting his plate, phone abandoned beside him. A boy who had suffered so much, finally piecing himself back together.

And now Chan had to shatter him all over again.

His throat locked up. He cleared it quickly, forcing air into his lungs. "Oh, well..." His voice cracked, trailing into a sigh he couldn't quite disguise.

Felix tilted his head, brows pulling. "Chan?"

Chan's breathing had quickened without him noticing. His hands shook slightly as he set the phone down. His mind was racing in

jagged spirals.

How do I tell him? How do I say Hyunjin's name out loud without destroying him?

How do you tell the person you love that the devil who once dragged them to hell had crawled back from the grave?

"Everything alright?" Felix pressed, his tone laced with worry.

Chan looked at him again—at those wide, warm eyes, still holding trust. He couldn't. Not yet. He couldn't crush that fragile peace.

So he inhaled deep, steadying his face into something almost normal. "Well, works cancelled," he said, forcing a smile.

Felix blinked. "Really? Cancelled?"

"Yep," Chan replied quickly, maybe too quickly. He fumbled for something believable. "I just remembered—I can't open the café today."

"Why?" Felix asked, suspicion already pricking at his tone.

Chan's chest tightened. He wasn't a liar. He never had been. It wasn't that he couldn't lie; it was that lying to someone you loved felt like ripping a piece of yourself out. But what choice did he have?

He softened his voice, forcing another smile. "I mean, everyone's been working so hard lately. Don't you think we deserve a break?" He slid into the chair beside Felix, close enough to touch.

Felix narrowed his eyes. He knew Chan well. Too well. "That's... super not you," Felix said flatly. "Something's up. You gonna tell me or not?"

Chan's breath caught. He wanted to cave, to spill everything. But the image of Felix's face—the moment he'd hear Hyunjin's name, the pain it would spark, the nightmares it would dredge up—kept his mouth shut.

So he lied again, softer this time. He brushed Felix's hair back gently, voice low. "It's nothing, baby. Just... it's been a long time since we've had a day to ourselves. Don't you think?"

Felix didn't look convinced. But Chan leaned in and pressed a kiss to his temple, hiding the storm brewing in his chest.

And as Felix leaned against him, Chan forced himself to stay still, calm, present.

Even as his mind screamed with one thought over and over.

Hyunjin is back.

—

“Wait—what? Seriously?” jeongin blinked at his phone, rubbing his eyes to make sure he wasn’t imagining things.

Beside him, Seungmin groaned, still half-buried under the sheets, his hair a mess from last night. “What now...” he mumbled, voice muffled against the pillow.

“Chan just texted,” Jeongin said, eyes widening. “Work’s cancelled. today and tomorrow.”

That got Seungmin’s attention—he cracked one eye open lazily. “Cancelled?”

Jeongin tossed his phone onto the nightstand with a grin spreading across his face. “Cancelled, babe. Which means...” He leaned over Seungmin, hovering close, “...we officially have zero excuses to get out of bed.”

Seungmin let out a tired laugh, but it turned into a grunt as jeongin straddled him without warning, pressing his weight down. “Iyen I swear—”

“Shhh.” Jeongin smirked, pinning Seungmin’s wrists to the mattress. “You were just groaning about not wanting to go in. guess the universe listened.”

Seungmin sighed dramatically but his lips curved into a small smile. “Yeah well I change my mind.”

“Mm, totally,” jeongin teased, leaning down to kiss him.

—

Jisung was already on it. The second the call ended, he had thrown himself headfirst into the case. It hadn't even been an hour since he heard Hyunjin was alive, and already his office looked like a warzone. Papers scattered across the floor, old reports ripped out of folders, coffee half-drunk and forgotten on the desk. His hands shook from the sheer adrenaline burning through him, fingertips flipping through files like the answers would suddenly jump out at him.

How the fuck was hyunjin alive?

It wasn't humanly possible. His heart had stopped. His pulse was gone. There was no miracle "coma," no convenient "unconscious" state. he had died in front of jisung's own eyes—died in blood loss, skull fractured, body limp. Jisung remembered the sight, the smell, the cold emptiness of it all. that image had haunted him every night. and yet... hyunjin was out there again.

The thought made him sick.

Of course, the news couldn't hit the public. Not yet. The higher-ups wanted silence, sweeping everything under the rug until they had an explanation. Panic in the city was the last thing they wanted. Only the top department heads knew.

And now jisung was trapped in the center of it.

Three laptop screens lit up his dark office, tabs pulled up on medical cases, articles, and reports. He dug through journals, searching for proof, for any medical anomaly that could explain this nightmare. Out of billions of people, there were less than a few hundred documented cases where someone had technically "come back" after catastrophic injury.

But every time, the details were weak, blurry. Survival like that didn't exist—at least not in the way hyunjin had supposedly survived.

The clock ticked loudly on the wall, but jisung ignored it. His eyes burned from staring at screens too long. His jaw ached from how hard he was clenching it. Somewhere deep inside, a small voice whispered that he should stop, rest, think clearly. But the louder voice, the one that was fueled by hatred, wouldn't let him.

Because this wasn't just a case.

This was Hyunjin.

And if Hyunjin had managed to crawl back into the world of the living, jisung swore he would drag him back out of it—this time with chains that no miracle could break.

Chapter 4: Come in

7:39 PM.

The apartment was wrapped in a strange kind of silence.

Felix and Chan had stayed home the entire day—just as Jisung had asked. No errands, no stepping outside, not even opening the curtains wider than a crack. The daylight had faded into the warm amber glow of the lamps, and yet Felix still couldn't shake the feeling that something was off. Chan wasn't the type to spend a whole day indoors. Usually he'd find some excuse to drag Felix out for coffee, groceries, or even just a walk. but today... nothing.

Still, with all the princess treatment Chan had showered him with—snacks, back rubs, carrying him around like he weighed nothing—Felix decided not to question it. At least, not too much.

Now they were curled together on the bed, the glow of the TV flickering across their faces. A rom-com k-drama played in the background, and Felix couldn't help but laugh at the over-the-top antics.

Chan's arm was snug around his waist, his chin resting lightly on Felix's hair. His smile was warm, but his eyes—if Felix had been looking closely—were distant. Even as the characters on screen kissed and Felix's laughter bubbled out, Chan's mind spun with the earlier words that wouldn't stop echoing:

Hyunjin is alive. Stay inside. Lock the doors.

He forced himself to keep the smile. He couldn't let Felix see.

Felix yawned, nuzzling deeper into Chan's chest, his voice muffled by the fabric of his shirt. "I'm so bored."

Chan huffed a quiet laugh, his fingers tracing patterns along Felix's arm. "Yeah? thought you were enjoying the show."

"I am," Felix said, eyes glued to the screen, lips twitching into a small smile. "But you've been acting weird. You never wanna stay home this long."

Chan froze for half a second before squeezing Felix just a little tighter. "Guess I just got a little lazy today."

Felix tilted his head, finally looking up at him. There it was again—that nagging suspicion in his chest. Something wasn't right. But the warmth of Chan's embrace, the way his heartbeat thudded steady against Felix's ear, made it too easy to let it go. for now.

Chan knew.

He knew he was supposed to tell Felix today. Jisung had trusted him with that job, made it clear Felix deserved to know sooner rather than later. But every time Chan looked at Felix—his soft laugh, the way he curled into his side like the world outside didn't matter—his throat closed up.

How could he?

When was the right time to tell someone that the man who had broken him, destroyed him piece by piece, was walking free again? Was there ever going to be a right time?

Chan's fingers tightened on Felix's hand without meaning to. His mind kept circling the same questions. If he told Felix now, would he shatter all the healing he'd worked so hard for? Would the panic come rushing back, the nightmares, the sleepless nights? Felix had clawed his way back to some form of peace, and Chan had promised he'd protect that peace at any cost.

But keeping this secret—wasn't that breaking the promise too?

Felix shifted a little, resting his chin against Chan's chest, peering up at him with sleepy eyes. "You're spacing out again," he murmured.

Chan forced a smile, brushing his thumb across Felix's cheek. "Just tired, baby."

The lie burned on his tongue. His stomach twisted.

He didn't know how much longer he could stall.

Tomorrow? Tonight? Or wait until Hyunjin made the first move, and Felix found out in the worst way possible?

Chan's jaw clenched. he didnt know. he never knew.

But he knew one thing for certain: sooner or later, felix would have to hear it.

Chan's phone lit up on the nightstand, the sudden glow cutting

through the dim warmth of the bedroom. Felix barely noticed, still tucked against his chest, snickering faintly at whatever corny scene was playing on the drama.

Chan, though, froze. He saw the name.

Han.

The message preview burned into his eyes.

‘Did you tell him yet? Once you have, please tell me because I need to talk to him.’

He swallowed hard, locking the phone quickly. jisung was right. He had to tell felix now.

Chan glanced down at Felix. His boyfriend was so at ease, head rising and falling with Chan’s breathing. He looked safe. He looked happy.

How could chan crush that with a single sentence?

But if he didnt... and Hyunjin made a move before Felix knew the truth...

Chan’s chest ached. He reached, running his long fingers through felix’s soft hair. “Felix,” he murmured.

Felix blinked up at him, curious. “Mm? What’s wrong?”

Chan hesitated, staring into those bright brown eyes that trusted him without question. He took a shaky breath, his pulse hammering in his ears.

He couldn’t put it off anymore.

“Baby... there’s something I need to tell you.”

—

The next day. 2:00 PM.

Jisung barely slept. correction—he hadn’t slept at all.

How could he?

He never even returned home last night. minhos texts had been piling up—first worried, then frustrated, then soft again—but jisung lied through his teeth, typing out: “yeah I just crashed in one of the office bedrooms. busy. don’t wait up.”

It wasn’t entirely false. He had been buried in work—buried so deep he couldn’t breathe. But what he didn’t say was that he couldn’t bear going home. Not with the thought of Hyunjin’s shadow possibly slithering through his neighbourhood.

The department had already made their move. Patrol cars were parked around his block, Minho none the wiser. Same with seungmin and jeongin—even though they hadn’t been told the truth yet, they were already under constant watch. Anyone even remotely tied to Felix was on lockdown now.

And still, Jisung was sweating. He sat hunched at his desk, two fans blowing directly at him, files and papers spread like a hurricane around his chair. His hands swelled as he shuffled through reports, crime scene photos, survivor statements. None of it was enough.

Last night, Chan had finally messaged him:

“I told Felix. He’s not taking it too well, but I’m helping him, so don’t worry. He also mentioned something strange. Yesterday at the party, when the officer brought his phone back, there was a note with it.”

The next image had made Jisung’s chest go tight.

A sticky note. Five words scribbled in familiar handwriting.

“I love you, my angel.”

Jisung’s blood ran cold even remembering it. He’d stared at the photo for nearly an hour, that damn scrawl taunting him. There was no mistaking it. Hyunjin had touched that phone. hyunjin had gotten close enough to felix to leave a message in his pocket without anyone noticing.

Chan had handed the original to a patrol cop, who was supposed to deliver it to the department first thing today. Jisung had been waiting all morning, tapping his foot, chewing the inside of his cheek raw.

Then came a sharp knock on his door.

“Officer Han?”

Jisung straightened instantly, throat tightening. “Come in.”

The door creaked open, and a young junior officer stepped inside, shifting nervously in the doorway.

“Chief needs you in his office,” he said.

Jisung’s pulse skipped.

He stood, straightening his tie and gave a curt nod. “On my way.”

Chapter 5: Personal

Chapter Notes

△□ Content warning△□

chapter contains: mentions of necrophilia

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

The chief's office smelled faintly of stale coffee and a thin haze of cigarette smoke despite the glaring "no smoking" sign on the wall. Jisung stepped inside, spine rigid, eyes immediately snapping to the desk. There it was. A clear evidence bag, lying under the harsh light. Inside, carefully folded, was the yellow sticky note—its familiar scrawl peeking out like a knife at his chest.

I love you, my angel.

His stomach churned.

"Han," the chief's voice cut through the haze, calm but commanding. "Sit."

Jisung obeyed, but his eyes never left the bag. The paper inside seemed almost to pulse under his gaze, the handwriting immediately recognisable, unmistakable. His jaw tightened, his hands balled into fists on his knees.

"The note was delivered this morning," the chief continued, finally glancing up. "We've confirmed it's Hyunjin's handwriting. No fingerprints, no DNA—nothing. I need you to determine whether it was written recently. And, if possible, confirm whether Hyunjin himself actually wrote it."

Jisung exhaled slowly. Before he could respond, the chief's gaze flicked toward the door.

"And as of today, you're no longer working this case alone. Come in."

The door creaked open. A tall man stepped in, broad-shouldered, moving with almost confidence. Short dark hair, uniform clean, eyes sharp and assessing. He scanned the room quickly, then fixed his gaze on Jisung.

"Detective Han," the chief said, voice clipped. "Meet Detective Seo

Changbin. Officer Seo. He's been transferred from Busan's Homicide Unit to work directly under me here in Seoul. You two will be assigned to this case."

Jisung's jaw tightened. A partner. Great. Just what he needed—a distraction in the middle of a case that had already made his blood run cold. Usually, if he got a partner, he'd end up dismissing them and handling the work himself.

Changbin's gaze softened slightly, but he didn't break eye contact with Jisung. A sly smirk played at the corner of his mouth as he extended a hand.

"Hm. Pleasure to meet a survivor of the hwang hyunjin," he said casually.

Jisung froze.

"...Excuse me?"

"A survivor?" The word echoed mockingly in his mind. Wonderful. Just how he wanted to be remembered: the guy who barely lived through the literal nightmare Hyunjin had created.

Changbin didn't seem to notice—or care—about Jisung's shock. His eyes flicked to the desk, landing squarely on the plastic bag with the note.

"So that's the love letter, huh?" Changbin chuckled lightly.

Jisung's head snapped up. Love letter? This man had got to be joking.

"Don't say it like it's some joke," Jisung barked, voice low and tight. His patience was already fraying.

"What? Don't take it too seriously," Changbin replied, all too relaxed.

This was absurd. The last thing Jisung needed was someone treating Felix's trauma as a punchline. His hands twitched, ready to snatch that smug grin off the guy's face. "Chief," he said, trying to keep his tone controlled but sharp, "with all due respect... is there no way we can swap him for another detective?"

Changbin let out a mocking wince as he leaned back just slightly. "I'm right here buddy,"

The chief cleared his throat, cutting through the tension. "Officers.

Enough. You two are official partners. That's final. Now, get out of my office and get started on the case."

This was going to be a long, brutal ride.

—

"So... how's the friend?" Changbin asked casually, leaning back against the edge of the desk, arms crossed.

"What do you mean?" Jisung didn't even look up, his fingers moving rapidly across the keyboard, scanning files and rechecking the reports.

"You know," Changbin said, tilting his head. "The Lee felix."

Jisung didn't answer, his eyes glued to the screen. He was rechecking the morgue reports for the umpteenth time, mentally cross-referencing timelines, blood loss, and Hyunjin's previous patterns. Silence stretched across the room, punctuated only by the hum of the ceiling fan and the clack of Jisung's keyboard.

"I guess no answer, huh?" Changbin finally sighed, reaching over to grab one of the files on the table, flipping it open casually.

A few minutes passed in unbroken silence before Changbin spoke again. "How do we even know the guy's alive?"

"Because a note was freshly delivered to Felix's doorstep," Jisung muttered without looking up.

Changbin leaned forward, elbows on his knees, his voice steady but skeptical. "That doesn't make sense, officer. First of all, we don't have proof it was Hyunjin himself. Could've been some dumb kid, a prank. All we know is the body's missing. Someone could've stolen it for pleasure—"

"What do you mean? Stolen for pleasure?" Jisung cut in sharply, spinning around to face him.

Changbin's tone shifted, serious now, as if explaining something obvious. "Yeah. Some people are into that. Necrophilia. You don't question why the female staff went back to the morgue after a year to check Hyunjin's container? Not scheduled. Doesn't add up, right?"

Jisung froze. "...You're saying she wanted his body for sex?"

Changbin nodded, a grim expression crossing his face. “Her name’s Bitna Kim. She was charged in Europe for having sex with a corpse. You didn’t dig deep enough, apparently.”

Jisung felt bile rise.

Oh. My. God. He should’ve thought of that sooner. why the hell hadn’t he gone through her files?

“And the mutilation?” Jisung asked, cutting straight to the point. “Who did it then?”

Changbin hesitated. “...Right. I mean... other people are capable of it, sure.”

“No,” Jisung said firmly, eyes narrowing. “The mutilation’s signature. Extremely similar to Hyunjin’s. Practically identical. There’s no mistaking it.”

“Right, but chances aren’t zero,” Changbin said casually, shrugging.

“Seo. It doesn’t make sense,” Jisung snapped. “The container that supposedly held Hyunjin’s body? It had someone else in it—unrecognisable. She couldn’t have had sex with him even if she wanted to. If someone wanted that, it had to be last year. Hyunjin’s body wasn’t there. So unless he... miraculously came back to life, replaced the corpse with someone else... which is impossible...”

Changbin leaned back, smirk flickering. “Right. But like I said... the chances aren’t zero.”

Jisung’s eyes bore into him. “this isn’t a thought experiment. Someone got away with mutilation and terrorised Felix. Hyunjin? He’s alive. That’s the problem. The body swap, the note—this isn’t some theoretical bullshit.”

Changbin’s smirk faltered. he leaned forward, “Yeah. I get it. The guy’s alive, the note’s real, and we’ve got a goddamn psycho roaming free. Point taken.”

Jisung slammed a hand onto the table, rattling papers. “Exactly. So we stop debating fantasies and start thinking about what he’s doing now. Where he is. And how the fuck he survived a year dead without anyone noticing.”

Changbin’s grin returned, but it was sharper now, less playful. “Let’s

see if we can track the guy before he decides to make things... personal again.”

Jisung exhaled slowly, fingers flexing over the files. Personal. Felix’s face flashed in his mind. The thought of Hyunjin touching him, tormenting him again, almost made him crash.

“And,” Changbin added, leaning close, “if we get this right... you get your revenge without going to jail yourself. how’s that for motivation?”

Jisung’s teeth clenched. “I’m not here for revenge. I’m here to protect Felix... and make sure hyunjin never hurts anyone else.”

Changbin nodded, satisfied. “same difference.”

Chapter End Notes

guys... i know ur probably confused asf on how hyunjin's still alive-- BUT DON'T WORRY. YOU'LL FIND OUT VERY SOON...

Chapter 6: Timtams

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Felix really wasn't okay. Not after what chan had told him.

"I want you to remember first—you're safe with me. You'll always be safe with me," Chan had said, his voice steady but his eyes giving him away. Then the words that shattered everything.

"...I've just gotten news from jisung. Somehow... hyunjin... he's alive."

Alive.

Felix had laughed at first—too sharp, too bitter to be real. He didn't believe it. He couldn't.

Because what the fuck was that supposed to mean?

The man Felix had killed with his own hands. The man whose final breath he had watched. The man he had seen crumple, lifeless, bloodied, unmoving—how the fuck could that man be alive?

It didn't sound real. It didn't feel real.

So why wasn't felix reacting more? Why wasn't he screaming, sobbing, tearing the room apart in panic? Instead, he sat numb.

What about safety then? Was that all a lie too?

Now Felix sat curled up in bed, phone heavy in his hand, screen lighting his pale face in the dark. He scrolled mindlessly, anything to distract himself. But nothing stuck. Every thought looped back to the same questions.

How? Why now? After a year? How is this even possible?

No. It's not real. It can't be real.

I saw him. I killed him.

And then his brain betrayed him—dragging him back to that night.

He remembered the weight of the lamp in his hands, cold metal slick

with his sweaty grip. He remembered the adrenaline, the rage, the blind panic. The way the lamp came crashing down on Hyunjin's skull with a sickening crack that still echoed in his ears.

He remembered the blood. So much blood. Spilling, spreading, dripping down pale skin.

He remembered Hyunjin's eyes rolling back, his chest stilling, the breath leaving his lungs.

He remembered standing there, frozen, his own hands shaking, staring at the body lying motionless on the floor.

He. Died.

Right. In front. Of felix.

So how?

How the fuck was he alive?

Felix's eyes were raw, swollen from crying—puffy, red-rimmed, burning every time he blinked. His nose was blocked, clogged from hours of quiet sobs that bled into each other until he lost track of time. His head throbbed like someone was pounding a drum against his skull.

It wasn't the kind of reaction you'd expect.

The man who had broken him. The man who had twisted his world inside out, left him shattered, terrified, unable to breathe without flinching—was alive.

Normal people would've screamed. Lost their minds. Thrown things. Hyperventilated. Anything dramatic, anything loud, anything that made sense for the weight of this news.

But Felix didn't.

He couldn't.

Because how do you react to something that doesn't even feel real? Something that sounds so impossible it turns your fear into numbness?

So instead of breaking down in flames, Felix drowned in silence. His body betrayed him—tears slipping free when he hadn't even noticed he was crying, shoulders shaking without sound. He didn't feel like he

was crying until the tears wet his pillow, until the sobs clogged his throat.

And now, the aftermath: the pounding headache, the soreness behind his eyes, the emptiness in his chest that felt worse than any panic attack ever could.

It didn't make sense. none of it did.

And because it didn't make sense, his brain dragged him backward. Back to every second, every wound, every manipulative kindness Hyunjin had ever left carved into him.

Earlier, Felix had told Chan he needed space. And of course chan had given it to him. He always gave it. Always respected felix's boundaries even when felix didn't know what he wanted.

But now?

Now all Felix wanted was the opposite. He wanted to bury himself in Chan's arms, press his face to his chest, let him hold him until the shaking stopped. He wanted comfort, safety, warmth.

And yet... he didn't ask.

Because the guilt hit harder than the fear.

Why was he always like this? Why was he always so damn childish? So emotional. So unstable. So needy.

Those were the words that echoed in his skull, except they weren't chan's voice. chan never said them. chan never made him feel small for needing him.

No—those words belonged to hyunjin.

Hyunjin never had to insult him out loud, never had to raise a hand. No. He was too clever for that. too kind. too gentle. and that's what destroyed felix the most—the way hyunjin's sweetness turned every tear felix shed into something wrong. something embarrassing. something stupid.

Felix had always felt like he was the problem. Like he was the one being dramatic. Like his pain was invalid because hyunjin's smile was so warm, so disarming.

And now, that poison was creeping into his chest again.

Because suddenly, sitting alone, felix realised he was starting to feel the same way about Chan.

Like needing him, like wanting to cry in his arms, was weakness. Like chan would secretly think less of him, even if chan never said a word.

There was a soft knock at the door.

“Baby?” Chan’s voice came muffled through the wood, low and careful, like he was trying not to spook him. “can I come in?”

Felix sat up quickly, wiping at his eyes with the back of his sleeve. His throat felt thick but he forced out, “...yeah.”

The door creaked open, and Chan peeked his head in before stepping inside. His gaze immediately landed on Felix—puffy eyes, flushed cheeks, blanket tangled around him like armor. chan’s chest squeezed.

He didn’t say anything at first. Just crossed the room and sat down on the edge of the bed, close enough for Felix to lean on him if he wanted, far enough not to overwhelm.

“You’ve been crying,” chan said softly, not as an accusation, just as a truth.

Felix sniffled. “I’m fine.”

“You’re not fine,” Chan replied gently, a small smile tugging at his lips. “But that’s fine, I wasn’t expecting you to be.”

Felix looked down, picking at the blanket, ashamed of how childish he felt. But Chan wasn’t staring at him with pity, wasn’t watching him like he was fragile glass. He just looked... steady. warm.

Then Chan bumped his shoulder lightly into Felix’s.

“You know what I was thinking?” he said, tone suddenly lighter. “I was thinking... timsams.”

Felix blinked. “...what?”

Chan grinned. “Timsams. We still have a packet, yeah? What if we grab those, make some hot chocolate, and binge a few episodes of superwog? I mean—what’s better therapy than laughing at those two idiots?”

Felix let out the tiniest laugh, a watery sound that cracked in the

middle. “Superwog?” he repeated, disbelief flickering in his tone.

“Yeah,” Chan said, nodding. “Come on, you love superwog. you always laugh so hard you start hiccuping. and then I laugh at you laughing, and it’s a whole thing.”

Felix couldn’t help the faint smile tugging at his lips, even through the tears. Chan caught it immediately, eyes softening with relief.

“There he is,” Chan whispered, brushing a strand of hair back from felix’s face. “That’s the smile i love.”

Felix swallowed thickly. His chest hurt, but it felt... lighter, just a little. maybe timtams and superwog wouldn’t fix the mess in his head. But with chan beside him, he felt so much better.

Chapter End Notes

anyone here watch superwog? :D

Chapter 7: Creak

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

8:03 PM.

Jisung let out a ragged exhale, shoulders slumping as he pushed his key into the lock. Thirty-six hours without sleep, his head buzzing from caffeine and the endless churn of files and interviews. He was running on fumes, but the second the door creaked open, all exhaustion bled into something else—unease.

The house was dark. Not dim, not half-lit. Pitch black.

Minho always left at least one light on. Always. the hallway lamp, the kitchen under-light, something. tonight—nothing.

Jisung froze on the threshold, hand tightening around the doorknob. “...Minho?” he called, voice low, cautious.

Silence.

He stepped inside, didn’t even bother removing his shoes. his instincts were louder than manners tonight.

“Baby?” he tried again, moving past the living room. no reply. no shuffling, no familiar hum of music, no cats weaving around his ankles.

The bedroom door groaned when he pushed it open. Empty. Sheets smooth, pillows untouched. But something else made his stomach twist—the lamp on the nightstand was off. That lamp was never off unless they were asleep. Not when they left the house. Not when they went out. Never.

And the cats. Soonie, Doongie, Dori, Jinn. All gone. They weren’t outdoor cats. They never wandered far. Where the fuck were they?

Jisung’s pulse quickened. He checked the bathroom. Empty. rThe study. Empty. His chest grew tighter with each room that offered nothing back. He finally yanked his phone out, thumb tapping Minho’s name with urgency.

The call didn't even ring. Straight to voicemail.

That's when the dread hit full force. Minho never ignored his calls. Not once. Not in all the years they'd been together.

"Fuck," Jisung muttered under his breath, stumbling back into the bedroom. His training kicked in. He went to the nightstand, crouched low, and opened the bottom drawer. His spare pistol gleamed back at him. He snatched it up, checked the chamber, then tucked it into the waistband of his jeans at the small of his back.

With his free hand, he typed quickly to Minho:

"I'm home and you're not here. are you out somewhere? please call me asap I'm worried."

His thumb hit send and he didn't even get the chance to breathe before—

Creak.

The sound of the front door opening drifted down the hall.

Every muscle in Jisung's body locked tight. His heartbeat pounded in his ears, adrenaline surging.

Someone was in his house.

Then he heard it.

"Sung... you home?"

It was Minho's voice. Relief hit Jisung instantly, his shoulders sagging as though a weight had been lifted—but it barely lasted.

Wait. How did Minho know he was home? The lights were still off.

"Sung?"

The voice came again—same familiar tone, but... off. tired, almost weary. something about it made jsung freeze mid-step.

His hand shot to his back, gripping the pistol's handle, sliding it out. He leaned slightly from the doorway, peeking through the shadows.

Footsteps.

Slow. Coming toward the bedroom.

Every muscle in Jisung's body coiled tight.

Closer.

Closer.

A single step away from the door.

Jisung's instincts snapped. He bolted forward, gun raised, heart hammering so violently he was sure anyone would hear it through the thick walls.

"Woh—Jisung?!"

The voice was familiar. Relief crashed over him. He saw the figure step fully into the dim bedroom light.

It was Minh.

Jisung's tension dissolved instantly, and he shoved the gun down, letting it rest against his hip. "Gosh—Min, where were you?" he hissed, voice shaking with a mixture of exhaustion and lingering panic. He didn't wait for an answer, just yanked Minh into a tight almost desperate hug.

Minh's brow furrowed, arms wrapping around Jisung in return, still confused. "What... what were you pointing a gun at me for?"

Jisung exhaled shakily, finally letting go just enough to look at him. "Sorry, I thought you were someone else," he murmured, eyes scanning Minh's face. Minh was alive. safe.

"Where were the cats?" Jisung asked, glancing toward the empty corners of the room.

"I took them for their yearly vaccinations, remember?" Minh replied, voice casual, as if this was the most obvious thing in the world.

"Then where are they now?" Jisung pressed, brows furrowed.

Minh's eyes darted briefly, as though noting something Jisung hadn't noticed, before answering, "...In the living room. I just got them out of their carriers," he said, shrugging, giving Jisung a weird look.

Jisung noticed the odd pause, the hesitation, but pushed it aside. He

needed clarity more than he needed suspicion right now. “How did you know I was home?”

“The door was unlocked,” Minho said simply, walking past him toward the bed, as if that answered everything.

Jisung’s gaze lingered on him. something still didn’t add up. something was off, but he couldn’t place it.

“Why did you turn off the lights then?” he asked.

Minho stopped mid-step and turned, confused. “I didn’t.”

Chapter End Notes

sorry for the short chapter ;-;

Chapter 8: Outside

Chapter Notes

I AM SOOOOOOO SORRY FOR THE RANDOM DISAPPEARANCE.
BUT I AM BACK. I WON'T LEAVE AGAIN WITHOUT TELLING I
SWEAR. ENJOY THE CHAPTER- WILL POST A BUNCH MORE
VERY SOON.

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me.” Jisung muttered under his breath, voice low, almost swallowed by the hum of the office air conditioning.

Hyunjin. In his home. Last night. In. His. Home.

He ran a hand over his face, the exhaustion of the past 48 hours suddenly crashing down, pressing against his temples. How? How the hell had he gotten in?

Patrol cars had been stationed around the entire block. Every corner, every street entry. How could someone bypass that?

One of the junior officers had filed a report earlier. “There was a kid crying, asking for help,” he’d said.

A distraction.

Jisung’s stomach twisted as the pieces fell together. That kid was nothing more than a pawn.

Changbin had tracked the boy down shortly after, bringing him in for questioning, only to discover he’d been drugged. Ketamine. Alcohol.

Ketamine to erase memory, so he wouldn’t remember who had done this to him. Alcohol to dull the immediate pain of being physically handled.

Jisung felt rage rise in his throat. For whatever reason hyunjin had, he’d caused a child permanent brain damage. Just to get what he wanted. Just to slip into his home.

The thought made his lungs close, even now, sitting behind the cluttered desk, files spread around like a battlefield.

Hyunjin had been inside his home. And there was zero proof. No DNA

traces, no fingerprints, nothing concrete—yet jisung knew. he knew.

Hyunjin hadn't come for a normal visit. What had he done? Had he planted cameras, microphones? Was it surveillance? Or had he come for blood?

The horror clawed at him. If Minho hadn't left for the cats' vaccinations... what would have happened?

Now, Minho was safely tucked away in a hotel for the night, while Jisung's house underwent a full sweep. Every room scanned, every corner checked. Minho knew something was up, of course, but Jisung hadn't told him a single detail—he couldn't risk it.

Jisung leaned back in his chair, rubbing his temples, before turning to Changbin. "We need to go over everything again. Every file, every report. From last year to now."

Changbin, buried in paperwork, gave a short nod. "I've gone through almost everything. Every file, except one. or a few."

Jisung's head snapped up, tone sharp, clearly not in the mood for this goofy bullshit. "And what files are those exactly?"

Changbin lifted a brow, shrugging with casualness. "I don't know, officer. Maybe the ones about some kid named Jinn."

And at that second, Jisung's heart simply froze.

—

"So... I'm not allowed to go outside at all?" Felix's voice was soft, almost fragile, like he was afraid of the answer he already knew. His eyes flicked up, searching Chan's face for even the smallest reassurance.

Chan's chest ached at the question. He looked down at Felix, who was curled up against him on the couch, wrapped in his arms like a second heartbeat. "I don't want to stay in either baby," he murmured, brushing his thumb over Felix's arm. "But right now... this is what's safest."

Felix's lips pressed together in a small pout. "...for how long?" he whispered.

Chan exhaled slowly, dragging his fingers through Felix's long, golden hair. He wanted to sound confident, certain, but all that came out was. "Until it's safe."

Safe. That word tasted like ash. Meaningless.

Felix caught the shift in him immediately—how Chan's softness faltered, how his expression grew heavy. Felix hated seeing that look.

So, he tried. "It's fine," he said with a little shrug, forcing a smile that didn't quite reach his eyes. "At least we get a mini holiday out of it."

Chan's heart warmed despite himself. he let out a soft laugh, pulling felix closer until their bodies molded together, his arms tightening around him like he'd never let go. he pressed a lingering kiss to felix's forehead. "I thought you liked work," he teased gently.

Felix wrinkled his nose, finally letting out a small laugh of his own. "Not when I have to serve those stupid karens."

That earned him a genuine chuckle from chan, warm against his ear.

-

"The hell do you mean alive?" Seungmin snapped, brows knitting together so tight they nearly touched.

"Alive? seriously, ji?" Jeongin echoed, disbelief lacing his tone.

The two of them sat side by side on the couch in their living room, legs brushing but their moods wildly different. Jisung sat across from them, posture heavy, hands clasped in front of him. He looked exhausted—drawn, but dead serious.

"I wouldn't lie about something like this," Jisung said, his voice low, steady.

The words lingered in the air like smoke no one could breathe through.

"So that's why work was cancelled?" seungmin asked after a beat, tone sharp, clipped. "so what—what, we're just supposed to stay locked up in here until he gets caught? and what if he never gets

caught, huh? what happens then?”

“Seung, calm down,” jeongin said softly, reaching over to place a hand on his thigh. His touch was grounding, his voice gentler, but Seungmin only scoffed.

“What? How did you expect me to react?” seungmin fired back, turning from jeongin to glare at Jisung. “You’re standing there telling me that psycho is alive, that we have to stay inside like prisoners until you—what? find him? like it didn’t take years in the first place to find out who he was? how is he even alive, ji?” He cut himself short, breath stalling, and let out a heavy sigh, dragging both hands over his face.

The room fell still for a moment. ;

“Look,” Jisung said finally, softer now, eyes pinned on Seungmin. “We’re already trying to track him down. I swear to you, it won’t take long. But until then—please. Don’t go outside. Don’t risk it. For your own safety.” His tone carried a thread of pleading, almost desperation.

Seungmin didn’t reply. His jaw worked, his teeth pressed tight, but no words came out.

“We’ll stay inside,” Jeongin said instead, voice quiet but firm. “Just... find him as soon as possible. Please.”

Jisung gave a tiny nod, some of the tension in his shoulders easing. He stood, clearing his throat. “I’m going back to work on the case. And remember—contact me, and me only, the second something feels off. Anything. No matter how small.”

Jeongin rose too, tugging at the hem of his sweatshirt. “I know,” he said, his voice soft but steady. “Let me walk you out.”

-

Seungmin and Hyunjin had never really talked much. Sure, they exchanged pleasantries at parties, maybe a quick greeting here or a casual chat there, but they weren’t close. Not close enough to remember birthdays, not close enough to know anything truly personal about one another.

And yet, Seungmin felt more agitated than he probably had any right to be. He didn’t even know why at first. Was it the confinement, being held inside his own home like some kind of prisoner? Maybe. But he

wasn't exactly the type who loved going out in the first place.

Since Chan had been promoted to co-owner of the cafe, Seungmin had been made manager. Now he had responsibilities he actually liked, a place he could call his own. The cafe's name had changed under Chan's ownership—from "CCC: Choi's Cozy Cafe" to the sleeker "CC: Cozy'z Cafe."

It had been less than a year since Jeongin proposed too, and the engagement had brought a quiet, steady joy into his life. He loved Jeongin, loved the little routines they had, loved the calm comfort of it all. And now? that calm had shattered.

Seungmin didn't even have a tangible reason to feel the way he did, yet anger bubbled under his skin. Maybe it was because the current situation—being trapped, helpless, a target again—had dredged up memories of his childhood he hadn't thought about in years.

His childhood hadn't been terrible, not in the conventional sense. But it had scars. His mother had been mentally ill, and after she had been institutionalised, Seungmin had lived alone with his father, who provided everything he could ever need. Yet when Seungmin turned nine, everything changed. His mother had escaped from the mental hospital, and in her obsession, had come to take him.

For an entire year, he was effectively imprisoned at home, locked away from the outside world until she was finally caught. The first week alone had been a nightmare: she killed herself. And everyone around him, everyone at school, tried to spin it like some tragic story about "a mother who loved her child so much she couldn't bear to leave him behind."

Seungmin wasn't fooled. She wasn't motivated by love—she had been obsessed, unstable, dangerous. That obsession had nearly destroyed him, and he had been smart enough to recognise it. Smart enough to shield his mind, smart enough to understand that it wasn't his fault, that there was no moral lesson, no romantic tragedy in what had happened.

He had survived. He had thrived. His father had provided, his life had been stable, and Seungmin had grown strong, disciplined, and careful. Yet now, the walls he'd built to cover the unneeded and unwanted began to crack.

Chapter 9: Delete

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“What do you mean?” Jisung finally spoke, holding his breath without even realising it.

“I’m sure you know what I mean, officer han,” Changbin said, casual almost to the point of arrogance.

Jinn. How the hell did he know?

“No, I don’t,” Jisung cleared his throat, eyes snapping away, refusing to meet Changbin’s gaze.

“I’m not stupid, you know,” changbin continued, tone deceptively light, “I may seem like the most annoying detective to work with, like I don’t give a shit about what’s going on, but I notice everything. details. patterns. and when something doesn’t add up—like why there’s no adoption fee for your cat jinn, or why hyunjin and his bloodline’s files were deleted at a very specific time when a very specific someone was handling the case—I’m going to want to know why.”

Jisung’s chest tightened.

“Do I need to ask why you deleted his files? Or why you haven’t told anyone?” Changbin pressed, finally standing up, looming over.

Jisung didn’t respond. His eyes stayed glued to the table, fingers tapping against the edge, desperate for some way to buy time.

Changbin picked up a file from the cluttered table, flipping it open with care.

“Hwang Hyunjin. Psychological autopsy: no evidence of mental health disorders.” His voice was flat.

“So one thing I know,” Changbin continued, eyes now fixed on Jisung, “is that you either told the examiners to write this, or you wrote it yourself. because there’s a shit load of evidence showing hwang hyunjin had multiple mental health disorders. self-harm, anxiety, borderline tendencies—you name it. and you know, around fifty

percent of mental health disorders come from childhood experiences. things like ‘home, environment, parenting.’ and since hyunjin is only twenty-five, those percentages go up. way up. around seventy percent.”

Jisung’s stomach twisted.

Changbin stepped closer. “I may not be a hundred percent right, but I know enough. and I suspect hyunjin has PTSD, BPD, OCD, and—without a doubt—depression. why? because there might still be a file you forgot to delete, one showing a history of self-harm. and every single one of those disorders overlaps significantly with people who’ve experienced childhood sexual abuse. about forty percent, according to studies. you know what that means, right?”

He let the words hang, dropping the files onto the table.

“Got anything to tell me now, officer?” Changbin asked, stepping back, eyes locked on jisung.

Jisung’s chest heaved. his throat burned. finally, after holding it in for what felt like an eternity, he let a single, shaky breath escape.

Oh god.

The silence stretched, unbearably thick. He could feel Changbin’s gaze still on him. His throat was dry, his hands cold.

Then he blurted something out. “He didn’t deserve it.”

The confession hung in the air. Jisung wished he could snatch it back, shove it down his throat, pretend he hadn’t said anything at all.

A silence followed—shorter this time, but somehow even more damning.

Then came a low chuckle, humorless and biting.

“I honestly can’t comprehend how fucking stupid you have to be to hide a massive piece of evidence because you had some personal shit against him. this isn’t a game you know? this isn’t about who deserves what. let me guess—” changbin tilted his head, his voice dripping with disdain. “you came up with the excuse, ‘he didn’t want his past to be seen, so be it,’ right?”

The words landed like blows. Jisung’s chest caved in on itself, his

lungs forgetting how to work. His whole being shrank, folding inward.

“You don’t understand—” he started, his voice cracking under the strain, but he didn’t get the chance to finish.

“What don’t I understand here, officer?” Changbin’s tone snapped like a whip. He leaned in closer, the heat of his frustration radiating off him, the fury in his eyes forcing Jisung to look away. “That you tampered with evidence? That you deleted files that could have explained everything? That you put your personal feelings before the law?”

Jisung’s jaw clenched, nails biting into his palms under the table. His mind screamed a thousand defenses, a thousand reasons, but none of them would come out. None of them would sound good enough. None of them would save him.

And Changbin knew it.

Finally—mercifully—Changbin stepped back. The air in Jisung’s lungs rushed out all at once, shaky and uneven, like he’d been underwater too long.

For a second he thought Changbin might keep pressing, keep ripping open the wounds he worked so hard to stitch shut. But then, as if some invisible switch had been flipped, Changbin’s entire demeanor shifted.

The sharp in his expression melted away, replaced with the familiar crooked grin, the easygoing mask Jisung was more used to. His voice, too, lightened as if the last few minutes hadn’t happened at all.

“Relax. It probably came out wrong,” Changbin said with a casual wave of his hand, dismissive, like they hadn’t just been at each other’s throats.

Jisung blinked, trying to recalibrate, trying to catch up with the whiplash.

“I’m not planning on telling anyone, as long as you give me the information I’m missing out on. Getting you fired would suck for me because—” Changbin shrugged lazily, “—we both know you’re one smart ass. Maybe not smart for, you know, deleting a chunk of history that’s extremely important, but still. You get it.” He shrugged, almost playful.

What the hell? Jsung's mind reeled. who the hell was this guy? A second ago, Changbin had been a predator, sharp-eyed and dangerous, cutting through every flimsy defense Jisung had left. and now... now he was back to being the irritating, carefree detective everyone saw him as. like it was all a game.

Jisung's shoulders eased, just barely. His voice came out low, a mutter meant more for himself than for changbin. "Don't do that shit man. stick to your goofy side."

Changbin's grin widened. He leaned on the table, cocking his head in that infuriating way of his.

"What? Scared?" he teased light as air—like he hadn't just peeled Jisung open and poked at every raw nerve.

Jisung's eyes snapped up, glaring at him again.

Chapter End Notes

...so what do we think of changbin?

Chapter 10: Date

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was true.

Jisung had deleted every single file Hyunjin had ever forged, every false document, every trace of the man's real past.

Because like he'd told himself over and over—if Hyunjin didn't want his past to be seen... then so. be. it.

There wasn't supposed to be any chance of anyone finding out. He'd buried it all so deep even the system couldn't trace it back. But Changbin—goddamn Changbin—was too smart for his own good.

Now here he was, twenty-four hours deep into another sleepless day at the office, running on caffeine and paranoia. His phone buzzed endlessly beside his hand.

forty-seven unread messages from minho, twelve missed calls, and counting. he hadn't answered a single one. he couldn't. because minho would ask questions—and jisung didn't have the energy or the excuses to keep lying anymore.

Minho knew him too well. He'd know Jisung was being reckless again. That's exactly why Jisung had to stay away.

At least until they confirmed if Hyunjin was in korea.

Yesterday, he'd finally caved and told Changbin everything. About Hyunjin's past. His father. The murder. The entire goddamn truth.

Two reasons.

One—he was already busted.

And two—Changbin wasn't just smart. He was dangerously smart. The kind of detective who, with the right information, could connect dots most people didn't even see.

And sure enough, within a single day, changbin had gathered a mountain of new evidence. It was terrifying how fast he worked.

Now, Jisung sat in his dimly lit office, one leg bouncing restlessly as he listened to Changbin pace in front of the whiteboard. The detective's voice was sharp and far too calm for what they were talking about.

"Why didn't he make a move for a whole year?" Changbin muttered aloud, scribbling notes across the board. "It's not like him. Someone with that level of obsession doesn't just... pause."

Jisung watched, silent. Changbin kept going, voice tightening as his mind spun faster than his pen.

"It's impossible he simply let go. hyunjin's got terrible abandonment issues and—" he tapped the marker against the board "—OLD. obsessive love disorder. for someone like him, disappearing for a year doesn't make sense. so why? why wait? why now?"

He stopped pacing, eyes flicking over the words he'd written, crossing them out one by one.

"One theory could be he wanted things to stay low before striking again—no, that's too neat. That's not him. Another: maybe he wanted Felix to feel safe first, to believe he'd moved on, only to shatter him later. That's more like Hyunjin, more psycho... but still not him."

Jisung leaned forward. "Then what are you saying?"

Changbin's gaze hardened. "I think it's about the date."

He turned back to the board, scrawling another line beneath the others:

20th December 2019.

Jisung frowned. "What about it?"

Changbin grabbed a file from the desk, flipping it open. The papers inside were worn, smudged from hours of handling. "Tell me something, Officer Han. When was the first time Felix ever mentioned the 'hot guy' he met at the café?"

Jisung blinked, trying to remember. "Sometime around Christmas 2019... why?"

Changbin smiled—tight, knowing. "Then it matches."

"Matches what?"

He turned the file toward him. "CCTV footage. Cozy's Café. April 4th, 2019—first time Hwang Hyunjin ever walked into the café. April 7th, first time he saw Felix. But December 20th, 2019—" he tapped the date on the page, "—that was the first time they ever spoke. Their first interaction. Ever."

He stepped back from the board, eyes narrowing. "Which means from April to December, Hyunjin had been stalking Felix."

A chill ran down Jisung's spine.

"You got all that... just from CCTV?" he asked.

Changbin's mouth quirked into a smug half-smile. "What can I say?"

Jisung cursed quietly, dragging a hand down his face.

Of course he did. Of course Changbin figured it out.

—

Minho was fuming.

He was irritated and furious.

His husband hadn't answered a single one of his calls. Not one. Forty-seven unread messages, twelve missed calls, and not even a goddamn text back. And now this—a full swarm of reporters and journalists camped outside the hotel like vultures waiting for fresh meat.

For what?

For what?!

What the hell could possibly be happening that had the entire media showing up out of nowhere?

And more importantly—how did they even know he was here?

He stood by the tall hotel window, jaw clenched so tight it hurt, watching the chaos unfold below.

Camera flashes popped like lightning. reporters shouted questions over one another, their voices a blur of noise.

Down by the barricade, a group of police officers were already trying

to push them back.

Something was wrong. Very wrong.

And Jisung—goddamn jisung—was clearly doing something behind his back again.

Minho's chest tightened as he gripped his phone, hitting redial for what felt like the hundredth time. The call rang, and rang, and rang—straight to voicemail.

He cursed under his breath and tried again.

He was worried sick—confused, blindsided, angry, all at once.

If Jisung was in danger, he deserved to know.

If Jisung was keeping something from him, he still deserved to know.

The not knowing was what drove him mad.

Minho groaned, running a hand through his hair, deciding to take one last look out the window before giving up on trying to get any answers.

He stepped over, slightly cracking the blinds open.

His eyes scanned the crowd, the flashes of cameras, the shoving of police trying to maintain control. And then...

Something froze him.

A pair of eyes, sharp, cold, and impossibly familiar, locking onto his from across the chaos.

His stomach dropped.

No... it can't.. possibly be...

Those were the eyes of...

Hwang Hyunjin.

Chapter End Notes

so.... how we feelin? :p

Chapter 11: Eyes

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The soft rhythm of the knife hitting the cutting board filled the kitchen.

It was late morning—11:05, to be exact—and Felix was chopping vegetables with a focus that bordered on desperate.

He was making lunch. Chan had insisted he'd cook today, told Felix to relax for once—but Felix refused.

There were two reasons for that.

One: Chan couldn't chop vegetables properly to save his life.

And two: Felix needed something, anything, to occupy his mind.

The days had started to blend together inside the walls. If he wasn't allowed to go outside, then he needed something to stop him from thinking—from spiraling. So he filled the silence with chores. cooking. cleaning. folding laundry.

That was his whole routine now. Chores, cooking, sleeping, watching a movie. over and over again.

Chan had even ordered a treadmill so they wouldn't lose their fitness, but Felix hadn't touched it once. He couldn't. The thought of running while the world outside spun without him made his chest tighten.

So he cooked. Because cooking was control. It was peace, in its own small way.

And Chan... Chan was always there to pull him back when that peace started to crack.

Every time Felix locked himself in the bathroom, breath shallow, chest aching, trying not to cry too loud—Chan always knew. always came knocking softly, voice steady and warm, saying things like "It's okay, I've got you. breathe for me."

Felix never understood how he could be so patient. so gentle. he'd never be able to say it out loud, but he was grateful beyond words.

Still, that quiet, poisonous voice that existed when he was with a certain someone came back to whisper things.

‘He does everything for you. You just exist. You’re useless.’

Felix swallowed it down like always, forcing a small smile as he stirred the pot.

And somehow, it was like Chan always knew what his mind was doing. Because every night before bed, without fail, Chan would wrap his arms around him and whisper,

“You’ll never be a burden to me. I love you no matter what. You’re doing enough just by being here.”

Those words kept Felix alive more than he’d ever admit.

Right now, though, Chan wasn’t home. For the first time in days, Felix was alone.

The patrol cars that were supposed to stay outside had vanished this morning. No explanation, no update. So Chan had gone to the station to ask Jung himself.

Before leaving, he’d called in a security team to install cameras and motion detectors at the front door. “Just to be extra safe,” he’d said, pressing a quick kiss to Felix’s forehead.

Felix joked weakly, “You sound like a paranoid dad.”

Chan only smiled back and promised, “I’ll be back soon, okay? Don’t open the door for anyone.”

Now the house was silent again—just Felix, the hum of the stove, and the faint sound of his own heartbeat.

A sudden voice hissed in Felix’s head, sharp and bitter.

Jealousy.

Envy.

‘Why does Chan get to go outside and not me? Why does he get to see the world while I’m trapped in this goddamn room like a secret?’

Then—another voice. softer, steadier, but colder.

‘Shut up. He’s out there because he’s doing things to protect you. Don’t be so fucking selfish.’

Felix’s jaw clenched as his gaze dropped to the knife in his hand. the blade caught the light from the window, glinting faintly—too calm for something that could end everything.

His breath hitched. His pulse thudded.

What if he just...

Knock. Knock. Knock—

The sharp sound jolted Felix back to reality. His fingers twitched around the handle of the knife, his chest tightening as the noise echoed through the quiet apartment.

...What?

Another knock came, harder this time—impatient. then, through the walls, faint shouting. voices. dozens of them. a crowd.

Felix froze. The knife slipped from his grip, clattering softly against the counter. His breath came out shaky.

What the hell was that? Who was here?

He wiped his damp palms on his shirt, just standing there for a moment, brows furrowed. Then he crept toward the living room window. He crouched low, peeking through the thin slit between the blinds.

And then—his pupils shrunk.

Outside, a sea of people swarmed the front of the apartment building. Flashing lights. Camera lenses glinting. Extended microphones waving like weapons. Reporters shouting over one another, their words muffled but frantic.

“What the...” Felix whispered, voice barely audible.

Reporters? Why the hell were there reporters outside his door?

His throat went dry. His mind scrambled—but every thought led to the same question.

What did they find out?

Something was wrong. terribly wrong.

Felix's gut twisted before his mind could even catch up. He spun on his heel and bolted for the kitchen, nearly tripping over the edge of the rug. His hands fumbled across the counter, knocking over a glass. "Shit—shit—" he hissed before grabbing it.

He pressed Chan's contact without thinking, the phone ringing against his ear as he stumbled back toward the living room window. His pulse pounded so loud it drowned out the sound of the call tone.

What the hell was happening? Reporters, cameras, shouting—it made no sense.

He yanked the curtain slightly, eyes scanning the crowd again. And then he froze.

There.

A pair of eyes.

Holy, fucking, shit.

They weren't just looking in his direction—they were locked onto him.

Every muscle in Felix's body seized up. his heart thundered violently. his throat tightened as he stepped back instinctively, the phone still ringing in his hand.

Those eyes—he'd know them anywhere.

Hwang Hyunjin.

Chapter End Notes

.....soo next chapter coming soon :)

Chapter 12: You too, officer

Chapter Notes

enjoy this kinda long chapter jaja

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Lix:

7 missed calls

9 unread messages

Chris:

3 missed calls

4 unread messages

Jeongin:

5 missed calls

3 unread messages

Seungmin:

2 missed calls

2 unread messages

Minho:

26 missed calls

48 unread messages

-

Jisung's knuckles were bone-white around the steering wheel, the leather creaking under his grip as he tore down the highway. his jaw ached from how tightly it was clenched. the phone mounted on the dashboard kept buzzing—missed calls, flashing texts, emergency alerts.

Hwang Hyunjin.

Spotted at three different locations.

All within five hours.

It was 12:01 PM.

The first sighting — outside Kim seungmin and yang jeongin's home.
The second — Lee minho's hotel.

The third — Lee felix and christopher bahng's apartment.

Five names. Three locations. One ghost.

Jisung's chest constricted. He muttered under his breath.

"Hwang Hyunjin... you fucking bastard."

The world was already on fire. Every news channel, every social feed, every radio broadcast—all screaming the same headline:

Breaking News: Hwang Hyunjin, otherwise known as the Serial Artist, confirmed alive after insider leak from the NPA.

Jisung slammed his palm against the steering wheel, the horn blaring for a split second.

Hyunjin had crossed the final line—hacking into the National Police Agency's internal servers, leaking his own classified case files, the confidential photos, and—worse—the private addresses of everyone tied to him.

Felix and Chan. Minho. Seungmin. Jeongin.

Every one of them exposed.

Within half an hour, the internet had exploded:

#SerialArtistReturns

#MonsterSlayerSightings

Reporters mobbed every known location, microphones thrust out like weapons, shouting over one another.

"Do you think he's back for revenge?"

"Were you close to the Monster Slayer?"

"How does it feel knowing he's still alive?"

And Hyunjin—somehow—had done it all in under five hours.

Of course he had.

He was Hwang Hyunjin. Brilliant. unpredictable. terrifying.

Jisung's foot pressed harder on the gas. the speedometer climbed past 120 in a 70 zone, tires screaming against the asphalt. his pulse thundered, adrenaline flooding every inch of him.

Changbin was already on his way to Felix and Chan's apartment. Jisung was heading for Minhho's hotel.

Then—

“Breaking news update—nineteen confirmed dead at the Eliena Hotel. Victims found in severe condition—limbs mutilated, patterned slits carved across their bodies. Authorities have yet to identify the corpses.”

Jisung's blood ran cold.

Eliena Hotel.

The same hotel Minhho was in.

His stomach dropped. His lungs forgot how to breathe.

He slammed his foot on the accelerator harder if it was even possible.

-

Minho's eyes hadn't left the window in nearly ten minutes. Reporters still swarmed below, police still tried to hold the line. The air inside his room was heavy—like it was waiting to shatter.

Dozens of officers had suddenly burst into his suite earlier, muttering about an “order from the head chief's assistant.” He didn't trust it.

Not only a minute ago, he saw him.

Through the window.

Hwang Hyunjin. standing still in the crowd. watching him.

And then within a second—the moment minho blinked—gone. vanished.

A hallucination? a dream? He was supposed to be dead, right? right?!

“Minho—”

Minho froze. jisung’s voice.

He turned just in time to see jisung breathless at the door, wild-eyed. relief crashed across jisung’s face as he surged forward, almost tripping—and immediately pulled minho into a hug.

“Thank god you’re safe,” he breathed.

Minho stood rigid, confusion written across his face, before pushing him back.

“What the hell is going on sung? where were you?”

Jisung exhaled shakily. “you saw him, right? hyunjin—what was he wearing? anything specific?”

Minho’s jaw tightened.

“Don’t dodge me. why weren’t you answering? why didn’t you tell me anything?”

“Now’s not the time, Min, just tell me whether—” jisung started.

“Yes it fucking is the time!” minho suddenly snapped, voice cutting sharp through the room. “what the hell have you not told me and why?! i’m your husband for god’s sake! don’t you dare ignore me!”

Jisung froze—just for a second. His pupils darted over Minho’s face, searching for words that wouldn’t come.

“Why is he alive, huh?! Why the fuck didn’t you tell me?!” minho barked again.

“Min—please, calm down—” jisung tried.

“Calm down?! You want me to calm down after I find out the man who nearly killed you is alive—and you’ve been hiding it from me?!”

His voice rose loud enough that the officers in the room had to stare at the walls to pretend they couldn’t hear, none of them dared speak.

Jisung inhaled sharply, shut his eyes, then turned toward them.

“Leave the room. I’ll be out in a moment.”

“You are not going to ‘be out in a moment,’” Minho snarled.

The officers hesitated, exchanged wary looks, then obeyed—leaving before closing the door behind them.

Now it was just them.

Jisung finally met Minho’s glare, shoulders heavy.

“Can we please sit?” he asked quietly.

-

1:22 PM.

“He said no. Now stop asking, please.” Chan’s voice was calm but firm, trying to mask the way his pulse had spiked the second Changbin stepped inside.

“That’s a shame. Alright, I’ll leave it at that then,” Changbin replied, scribbling something onto his notepad with that infuriatingly casual air, like he had all the time in the world.

Chan glanced around his living room, taking in the absurdity. Here he was, being interrogated by possibly the most annoying officer he’d ever met—name tag reading Officer Seo Changbin—who had spent the last hour asking questions that had nothing to do with the incident. this man was weirdly obsessed with felix. He’d ask questions about felix. not about the situation. not about the crime. just felix.

“So how’s Felix?”

“Is Felix coping well with the information?”

“Why doesn’t he want to come out? I don’t bite.”

“Any concerns for his physical or mental health that would require attention at the moment?”

Chan’s jaw tightened.

“Sorry, you said you work with Officer Han? Would you know when he’s arriving?” Chan asked carefully, keeping his tone even.

“Oh, he’ll be here soon. don’t worry.” changbnss voice was too relaxed, too casual for the situation. like he was playing a game only he understood.

“So you and mr. lee are...?” changbin tilted his head, pen hovering above his pad.

“He’s my boyfriend,” chan answered flatly.

“And would you describe your relationship as serious? Any plans for marriage soon?”

Chan’s patience thinned. “Excuse me, but how is that relevant?”

Changbin’s smirk widened, leaning forward slightly. “Oh trust me it’s relevant. your boyfriend doesn’t want to be questioned? that’s fine. you can answer for him. unless, of course, you’d rather I begin with questions about your past relationship with hwang hyunjin.”

Chan’s first curl lifted at the mention of the name. “With all due respect, officer—I told you not to use that name in my house,” he said, tone sharp.

“Right, right, right... my apologies, mr. bahng.” Changbin sighed dramatically, scribbling again in his notepad—but chan knew it was a tactic. every scribble was designed to unsettle him. and it was working.

Not even a few hours ago, he was driving to the police station when felix called mid panic attack, voice trembling as he spoke: “I saw—I saw hyunjin—outside—I saw him—”

Now this officer was grilling him about personal details, dancing around questions about the actual threat. chan’s gut twisted. He’d seen enough crime documentaries to know questions about the suspect should come first. not about him.

Changbin leaned in, a playful glint in his eyes. “It’s funny, you know?”

Chan’s brow furrowed. “Pardon?”

“I mean—you keep dodging my questions about Hwang Hyunjin—”

“Officer—” Chan cut him off.

“Upupupup—I’ve told you your lawful rights when I began questioning you,” Changbin continued, ignoring him. “And I don’t recall saying you could demand I censor words. Unless of course, it triggers a dangerous mental state. But when I checked your record, you were clean. nothing here indicates a meltdown is imminent. So

what I was saying before you interrupted me was—you keep dodging my questions about hwang hyunjin. And not only that, you have been picking your nails, biting your lips, wiping sweat off your palms every ten seconds. I have a feeling you're hiding a thing or two."

Chan froze, suddenly aware of every small movement, every nervous tic.

"Sorry—are you accusing me of something?" chan asked—tone still calm, but inside he was seconds from punching the man in the face.

"Oh no, never." Changbin's said, almost mockingly. "Just... observing. taking notes." He scribbled again.

Chan clenched his fists under his arms. "If you want to get smart with me, I do know I have a right to remain silent—and not answer your questions."

"Oh you wanna play mr. law boy now?" Changbin smirked, tapping his pen against the notepad. "Well, technically, I could pull your boyfriend out of his hiding spot and start questioning him myself if I wanted to. Legally."

Chan's last string of patience snapped—but he knew better than to assault an officer. So he spoke instead, every word measured and steady.

"I'll tell you this once," he said, eyes locked on changbin. "You bring Felix in, you drag him through this in front of cameras, and I swear—every move you make will be on the record. You want to play cop with my life? Fine. We'll play by the law. And we'll play publicly."

Silence.

Changbin studied him, pen paused mid-air. He looked chan up and down for a moment. Then finally, his gaze turned neutral.

"Fine," he said. "Officer Han will be here shortly. Until then, keep your phone on. If anything changes, call my card."

Chan didn't lower his guard. "I will."

Changbin gave a firm nod, almost imperceptibly impressed, and turned toward the door.

"Nice talking with you, Mr. Bahng," he said over his shoulder.

Chan didn't nod. Just three tight words. "You too, officer."

And then he left.

Chapter End Notes

sorry for not updating my cat gave birth (she got pregnant from a stray cat in our neighbourhood so now the kittens are fatherless)

also hands up if you have daddy issues

Chapter 13: Mr. H

Chapter Notes

△□ Content warning△□

chapter contains: blood & violence, graphic gore, sadism, forced cannibalism, mild mentions of child abuse

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

He slit from her abdomen open all the way to her chest, a straight vertical line.

The blade moved with surgical precision, cutting through layers of skin and muscle, revealing the pulsing organs beneath. Blood poured out, thick and dark rivulets, pooling on the cold metal surface of the table.

The woman let out an animalistic scream. her vocals tore like a violin string snapping as her body convulsed.

“PLEASE—PLEASE—PLEASE—STOP—I-I-I-I’M SORRY—I WON’T DO IT AGAIN—I’LL NEVER—I’LL NEVER TOUCH HER AGAIN—PLEASE—” she cried, her words a desperate plea for mercy that only deepened the man’s satisfaction.

He shoved his fingers between her cut skin, curling them and hooking his fingers onto her organs before beginning to pull them out. the woman’s body twisted in protest, her intestines dangling like a grotesque curtain.

She screamed louder—her voice now a ragged gasp—as her organs were exposed to the cold dim light. blood dripped down her table, staining the metal with a deep red sheen.

She was tied to a medical table, her stomach cut open, but with a precision that would keep her alive for a few more agonising seconds. Her lungs still worked, her heart still beat, but her body was a mangled mess of flesh and bone.

He scooped his fingers inside her open wound again, fingers wrapping

around an organ—the stomach—feeling the texture of it as if it were a living thing. With a savage tug, he tore it out completely, cutting whatever was still attached.

The woman howled in pain, her eyes widening so much they could've popped out any second, her pupils dilated and unblinking.

“How does it feel? Hungry now? Starving?” the man spoke, his voice smooth as always.

His eyes gleamed at her, waiting for a response, but he only got a scream. He didn't wait. He placed her stomach down on top of her chest, and picked up the scapel.

With gentle hands and sharp movements, he slit her organ open. The acidic liquid mixed with the remnants of a meal poured out.

The man then grabbed the organ, and held it over the woman's screaming mouth.

“Swallow, okay?” he said sweetly before tilting the organ enough for the fluid to pour all over the screaming woman's face, landing inside her mouth.

The woman could barely fight now—could barely breathe—but she was alive enough to gurgle on her own fluid and yellow thick mixtures of chewed food.

“Grghhgh—ghh—rhgh—” she tried weakly, her voice a broken wet sound.

She coughed out blood and the fluid that was being poured into her, her body convulsing in a final spasm of defiance.

The acid continued pouring onto her face, the scent of it sour and vile.

The man watched with a calm expression, his blue mask hiding his twisted smile. He wore a surgical uniform, the fabric soaked with her blood, and under it, black pants and a long black sleeved turtle neck.

Before the woman knew it, she started losing consciousness. her eyes

rolled back, the whites of them now dominant as she let out one last gurgle.

The last drop of fluid fell right on her opened mouth, trickling down her chin like a slow and cruel blessing.

The man let out a disappointed sigh, as if she had failed to meet his expectations. she died far too quickly. but thats fine. there was plenty more scum.

He plopped the organ back onto the woman's chest and stepped back, admiring this work. The room was silent now, save for the drip of blood and the distant hum of the lights.

What should he do with this one now... burn the remains? feed it to the stray dogs?

Just as his mind was settling, he suddenly heard a thump behind the door. It was soft, almost like a heartbeat, but it was enough to make him pause.

Ah. she's probably awake now.

He was in a room, dark and only lit by a single lamp attached to the surgical table.

The man casually retreated from the bloody mess on the table, beginning to remove his mask and surgical wear.

He then walked over to the tap and began washing his raw bloody hands, the water running in a steady stream over his pale fingers.

He hummed to himself quietly.

After a few good seconds of soap and scrubbing, he dried his hands with a paper towel before quickly untying his long black hair, letting it fall on his shoulders.

With that, he began walking over to the door. He creaked it open, letting light spill in for a second before stepping out and quickly shutting and locking the door behind him.

And as expected, he saw her.

Sitting innocently by herself, tv remote in her hand.

Hannah.

She wore a small pink and white minnie mouse dress, her skin pale. she had long smooth hair too.

Her body was a map of bruises and pink whip marks, a faint black eye too.

The man smiled ever so warmly.

“Did you have a good sleep?” he asked.

Hannah gave a small nod, her eyes pure and unblinking.

“...i’m hungry now, Mr. H” she said softly.

Chapter End Notes

how do we feel after reading gore after a long time. refreshing
init?
jajajaja

anyway sorry for the short chapter.. next chapter will hopefully
come today. love u all hehe >:p

Chapter 14: Breathe

Chapter Notes

⚠️ Content warning ⚠️

chapter contains: mentions of (underage) rape

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

“It’s okay baby. just breathe,” chan whispered, voice barely audible above the sound of felix’s ragged breaths. His arms were wrapped around him like armor—tight enough to hold him together, but gentle enough not to cage him in.

Felix couldn’t breathe. Or maybe he was breathing too much—each inhale sharp and fast, every exhale swallowed by panic. His chest heaved under Chan’s palm, lungs refusing to cooperate.

They were in bed, though it didn’t feel like a bed anymore. Felix was curled in Chan’s lap, buried under the blanket, his trembling fingers clutching the fabric of Chan’s shirt. Chan sat upright against the headboard, one leg bent to cradle him closer, his other hand rubbing slow circles into felix’s back.

He’d said the words a hundred times before—breathe, you’re safe, I’ve got you—but tonight they sounded more desperate.

Felix’s mind was loud. deafening.

He knew what was happening—his therapist used to call it a panic response. A body remembering danger when the danger was gone. But this time, the danger wasn’t gone. It had a face. It had eyes.

And he’d seen them again today.

Hyunjin.

The name alone made his stomach twist. He could still picture that moment: standing by the window, heart slamming in his chest, the crowd below blurring—until those familiar eyes found him. That same look. The look that whispered ‘my angel.’

It was real. It had to be real.

“You’re safe.” they’d say.

But that word—safe—didn't make sense anymore.

He tried to do what Chan always told him. Deep breaths.

In.

Out.

But every inhale made his ribs ache, every exhale reminded him that he was still here. Still trapped inside this body that refused to calm down. His thoughts were too loud to quiet.

The only thing anchoring him was chan's touch. The steady rhythm of fingers brushing through his hair. The soft rise and fall of chans chest against his cheek.

Still, Felix hated it—hated that he needed this much comfort just to exist. Hated that he couldn't be "normal." He felt small, pathetic, like he was seven again, hiding in the dark.

You're overreacting. You're fine. You're safe. He's not here. He's not real.

But he was. He'd seen him.

Felix's throat burned as the thought circled again and again. He came back. Not to talk. Not to be seen. To torture. To finish what he started.

And then came the thought that gutted him—
I should've killed him when I had the chance.

The image flashed in his mind.

A knife, a scream, the silence after. It made his stomach turn. He pressed his palms to his eyes, trying to push it away.

He wasn't that kind of person. He'd never hurt anyone. He couldn't.

But the regret of not diving a knife in Hyunjin's heart when he had the chance sat in his chest like a stone. heavy. poisonous.

And he hated himself for it. For even thinking it.

Maybe it was intrusive thinking—his therapist had said that happens

sometimes. But this didn't feel random. It felt like guilt. like punishment.

His hand brushed against the cool metal around his neck. The necklace. Still there.

He'd thought about taking it off a thousand times. But he never did. Because some part of him believed he deserved to feel it—to keep it close as a reminder.

It wasn't just a necklace. It was a scar. A symbol of what he hadn't stopped. What he hadn't done.

And underneath all of that was something worse—understanding.

He remembered the words Hyunjin had said before he “died.”

“I was fourteen.
he raped me. over and over.”

At that moment, felix hadn't processed it. It was too much. but afterward, when the nightmares came back, those words replayed louder than the screams.

He'd asked jisung once—quietly, cautiously—if the police ever found anything about Hyunjin's past. Any proof. Any record. Jisung said there was nothing. “A ghost,” he called him. “Someone who existed only in the aftermath.”

So maybe it was a lie. Maybe it was manipulation. Maybe it was one last attempt to twist felix into pity.

But what if it wasn't?

What if it was the truth, and felix had hated a broken boy for being broken?

His breath hitched again, sharp and uneven. His chest constricted like a fist closing around his lungs. He could feel his pulse in his ears.

He wanted to tell Chan. He wanted to say something. But the words stuck in his throat, heavy and shapeless.

Because what could he say?
“I feel sorry for him”?
“I think I should’ve killed him”?
“I think I deserved what happened”?

Every version of the truth sounded wrong. sick.

Chan’s hand found his again, fingers lacing through his trembling ones.

“Hey,” he murmured. “You’re here. with me. look at me, baby.”

Felix forced his eyes open, meeting Chan’s gaze through tears.

“Good,” Chan whispered, brushing a thumb across his cheek. “Breathe with me, okay? just... match me. in, out. slowly.”

He tried again. This time he followed the rhythm of chan’s chest. the steady inhale. the steady exhale.

It wasn’t perfect—but it was enough.

The edges of panic began to blur. His muscles loosened, if only slightly. His breathing evened out—not calm, but no longer drowning.

Felix sagged against Chan’s chest, exhausted. The sound of Chan’s heartbeat filled his ears.

“I’ve got you, yeah?” Chan whispered again.

Felix nodded weakly, though inside, a small voice still whispered.

You don’t deserve to be saved.

He closed his eyes.

And let himself pretend, just for a moment, that he did.

Chapter End Notes

guys, random ahh question.

what song (or songs) remind you of this fic?

Chapter 15: Romanticise

Chapter Notes

△□ Content warning△□

chapter contains: mentions of rape and abuse

"Yeah you know i really wanna punch you in the face too," Jisung said, voice tight with bitterness.

"I guess sensitivity runs in the whole friend group," Changbin muttered, loud enough for Jisung to hear, a smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth.

Jisung didn't reply. Any comeback would only feed Changbin's amusement, and he could practically feel the man leaning into it—thriving on the irritation he sparked in everyone.

This guy thrived on it—on pushing buttons, on feeding bait for rage. And god he was good at it. He'd even gotten under Chan's skin earlier—Chan who was always patient and composed.

Jisung though didn't have patience today. Not after the last few hours. Not after the fight.

Earlier, he'd had probably the worst argument of his life with Minho.

Not the petty disagreements, not the small spats.

After Minho had finally calmed down enough to speak, as expected, he'd tried to get Jisung to step back from the case. Pleaded. "It's not worth it,"

And, of course, Jisung hadn't listened.

Which meant both of them ended up shouting, words hurled faster than they could catch, cutting deeper than either had intended. Jisung had said things he would normally apologise for, things he shouldn't have said—things that left Minho's eyes glimmering with unshed tears.

And then, he left.

He had left Minho—his husband, the person he'd vowed to keep happy—standing there on the verge of breaking, alone.

Jisung might've been the best detective, but in that moment, he was the worst husband imaginable.

He could still see it, vivid in his mind. Minho's eyes, wide and desperate, glossy, silently pleading for him to stay.

And Jisung—he had looked directly at them and said, without hesitation, "I have to go now. We'll talk about this later."

The guilt was raw, throbbing in his chest, but it wasn't just guilt that screamed in his head. There was something else much more complicated.

Hyunjin wanted this.

Jisung's jaw tightened. Of course he did.

That psycho had orchestrated the chaos, revealed himself in such a way, knowing it would horrify Minho.

He had wanted to provoke them, to make them argue, to pull Jisung away from Minho just long enough to leave him exposed—unguarded, emotionally vulnerable.

Minho was heavily guarded though of course.

But even with a security detail, even with officers stationed outside his hotel room, he had been left unguarded in the ways that mattered most: in the love and care of a husband, in the subtle safety of being seen, being held, being listened to.

Jisung's stomach churned at the thought. he had failed in the only way that counted.

He'd obviously called Chief first. he made personal requests, explicit instructions: everyone involved in the situation needed to be heavily guarded. no detail was too small, no precaution unnecessary.

The thought of Hyunjin, of the monster stalking them like a shadow—of what could happen if he miscalculated even for a second—made jisung's hands clench into fists.

Hyunjin planned this.

It felt like no matter what Jisung did, Hyunjin was always—always, a step ahead, no matter how small.

Every move. Every plan. Every little crack in their defenses had been his design.

So here he was, sitting in the passenger seat, changbin driving beside him, whistling softly like the world was rainbows and sunshines.

They were on their way to Eliena Hotel. The scene of the massacre. Nineteen bodies. Nineteen lives brutally ended. And they had to figure out why. Though it was more than obvious it wasn't innocent people.

Before they got to this point—Jisung had went to check the scene at chan and felix's apartment.

Chan had unsurprisingly complained—loudly—about Changbin's "legal but inappropriate behavior."

He didn't sugarcoat it: Changbin had been insistent. Obsessed, even. He'd made it clear he wanted to see Felix. "The survivor of Hwang Hyunjin," he'd said, almost with reverence, almost like Felix's trauma was a trophy.

Jisung wanted to see Felix too—but Chan had been firm. "Felix said he doesn't want to see anyone. Now isn't a good time."

Fine. Totally understandable. Absolutely. He'd known Felix since high school; he understood boundaries, understood trauma—but that didn't make the sting any less sharp. A tiny pang of disappointment lingered, buried under professionalism and duty.

Because Jisung wasn't here to whine because his best-friend-forever wasn't in the mood to see him. He was here to solve a case, to anticipate a psychopath's next move. Emotions could wait. They had to wait.

He thought back to just a few days ago, when Changbin had first been assigned to the case. Jisung had immediately run a full background check on the man. The results hadn't been surprising: Changbin had graduated from one of the most prestigious law schools in the world, with a degree in criminology to match. But more than that, the man lived for this. Not just the case files, not just the paperwork. he was obsessed with understanding everything—every fact, every nuance, every story, every perspective. he didn't just read the police reports; he absorbed them, dissected them, digested them.

Jisung had noticed it in the way Changbin moved, the way he spoke, the slight twitch in his eye when someone withheld information.

"I watched a series about the whole thing," Changbin had casually said once, "and read every book I could get my hands on."

Jisung hadn't been surprised that the series and books had turned real trauma into entertainment. Movie directors saw a psychopath, a sensational story, a chance to sell tickets.

The fact that Felix—or anyone involved—hadn't consented to having their trauma turned into a plotline was infuriating.

Jisung had suggested suing, of course. But Felix? He sighed, saying it wasn't worth wasting their energy.

And the same went for the authors.

Books. Movies. Series. Everywhere, someone had turned Hyunjin's horrors into entertainment.

The Devil and His Angel.

How the Serial Artist Did It All: The Documentary.

Monster Slayer: The Series.

Blah blah blah.

What infuriated him most wasn't just the commercialisation—it was the lies.

The romanticisation.

The way they labeled the works as "dark romance." Romance. This wasn't a story about love. This was abuse, torture, manipulation. And somehow, people loved it. People loved him.

The movies portrayed Hyunjin as some kind of blessing.

Oh yes. he only killed "the bad people"—child abusers, rapists, animal abusers, cruel people.

The filmmakers had the audacity to slap seductive music over scenes of rape. To frame Hyunjin as the protective boyfriend punishing his "bratty" lover. To suggest Felix was somehow provoking the abuse, "making him jealous on purpose,"

It was vile. Fucking disgusting.

And reality? Worse. When the news went viral, there were people—some actually defended him. All because he was "pretty." "So sexy." "So handsome."

It was always those teenage girls. swooning over a psychopath. treating murder and manipulation as fantasy. comments like:

"I wish I was Felix."

"People are so sensitive. He only killed bad people. He's so cool."

"Ugh, I'm obsessed with him."

"Why couldn't I be one of his victims?"

"Lowkey kinda hot."

"I wouldn't mind if he did that to me."

All because of a pretty face.

Jisung knew some people did have those types of kinks due to trauma—and he respected that.

But this wasn't just fantasy. This wasn't about desire. This was about taking someone's horrific reality—years of mental torture, guilt-tripping, self-doubt, and emotional manipulation—and reducing it to a "dark romance" that people consumed like candy.

If it was fictional Jisung couldn't have cared. But it was the absolutely insane fact that in the end of the movies they'd add 'based on a true story' and flash a photo of Felix, Hyunjin—and Jisung himself. Apparently the "annoying cop who got in the way of their forbidden love"

It completely ignored the mental warfare. The twisting of empathy and memory until even victims questioned if they themselves were the monsters. Hyunjin didn't just hurt bodies. He infected minds. He shattered sense of self, guilt, and reality.

And in the back of Jisung's mind, the thought refused to leave.

Hyunjin wasn't just alive.

He was free.

And he knew exactly how to hurt the people jisung cared about most.

Chapter 16: Cry

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Come on, let's make something together. Cookies, cake, pancakes, anything," Jeongin nudged.

Seungmin didn't even look up. "No one makes pancakes at seven o'clock in the evening."

"Well no one stays in bed all day either," Jeongin said back, earning a sharp click of seungmin's tongue.

Seungmin was in bed. All day. The only breaks had been for the bathroom, snacks, or the occasional glance at his phone. Otherwise, he had stared at the ceiling, doom-scrolled, or tried and failed to focus on a book.

And now? Now his fiancé was trying to drag him into the kitchen, blanket battles included.

"I'm tired and not in the mood," Seungmin mumbled, rolling to face the wall, burrowing further under the covers.

"No, you don't want to be in the mood," Jeongin corrected.

He didn't wait. Jeongin grabbed the blanket, yanking it fully off and tossing it to the other side of the bed with a triumphant grin.

Seungmin blinked.

Jeongin's hands were on Seungmin's shoulders before he could even react, rolling him onto his back. Soon, Jeongin was straddling him, knees on either side.

"Iyen—" Seungmin started, only to be cut off by a sharp finger pressed against his lips.

"If you're using the blanket because you're cold and not because you're hiding, then use me as your blanket," Jeongin said, expression serious suddenly.

Seungmin paused, then a soft groan escaped. "You're so corny."

Jeongin's grin only widened. "Come on baby, please? I know christmas was a few days ago, but we can still make christmas cookies. or whatever you want."

"I said i don't want to," seungmin replied.

"What if I tickle you?" jeongin poked.

"Don't," Seungmin warned.

"Then come on. Let's make something. Anything. Please. For me?" Jeongin pleaded.

"You're going to crush me," Seungmin protested.

"Make something with me," Jeongin murmured into seungmins neck.

"I already told you. I don't want to. let me sleep." seungmin objected again.

"Cookies, seung," Jeongin whispered. "flour everywhere. messy. sticky. fun. you and me. alone. please."

Seungmin groaned again, pushing lightly against Jeongin's chest, though not enough to actually move him. "Do you know what no means?"

Jeongin only hummed, eyes soft but persistent. "I don't like when you hide from me."

Before Seungmin could protest again, Jeongin shifted, rolling off him and sitting cross-legged on the bed. He held out a hand. "Come on. at least sit with me."

Seungmin sighed, hesitating. He wanted to curl back into the blankets, but something in jeongin's gaze—the quiet insistence, the warmth—made it impossible. Slowly, he pushed himself up and sat beside jeongin, legs dangling over the edge of the bed.

There was a long pause. the hum of the heater and the faint city noise outside filled the quiet room.

"I'm just tired," seungmin said, voice tight.

"Tired from what? Staying in bed all day?" Jeongin teased, the corner of his mouth lifting—
but then his voice softened, losing all the playful edges.

"Look... seung," he murmured, thumbs brushing over seungmin's hips as if grounding him, "I know it's hard. And I know you're scared. But I don't want whatever's happening to swallow up our whole lives. They'll catch him soon, okay?"

"It's not that," seungmin muttered almost too quickly.

He dropped his gaze to his hands, fingers already creeping toward each other, picking at his nails like it was a reflex he didn't even notice. jeongin noticed.

Jeongin's chest tightened. He watched seungmin's jaw lock like he was holding something back.

After a slow breath, jeongin asked quietly, "...is this about your mom?"

Silence. Heavy, thick, stretching between them.

Seungmin didn't look up. He just kept picking—harder now. Jeongin reached out, gently curling his fingers around Seungmin's wrist, not stopping him, just holding him.

"Seung..." Jeongin whispered, instantly regretting it. Regretting mentioning her. Regretting poking a bruise he knew never really healed.

But Seungmin finally breathed, shaky and uneven.

"I'm not like that," he said, voice small, almost hidden. "I don't care about the past."

His eyes flicked up for the first time in hours, meeting Jeongin's. glassier. tired. scared in a way he'd never say out loud.

"I just..." he swallowed. "I just don't want to be forced to stay inside. I can't do that again."

Jeongin's expression softened immediately—not pity, but warm understanding.

He shifted closer, hands firm on Seungmin's thighs. "you're not trapped. not here. not with me. you tell me when you're scared, not hide under a blanket all day pretending you're sleepy."

seungmin blinked hard, breath trembling.

Jeongin leaned forward.

"You're older now, this isn't the past," jeongin whispered. "You're with me, nothing's going to happen when you're with me, okay?"

"It's not like that—I just—" Seungmin's voice cracked the tiniest bit before he caught it. "It's weird. I don't want to go outside anyway. But I don't wanna be forced to stay in either."

Jeongin's hands tightened around his, thumbs rubbing slow circles against seungmin's knuckles.

"...maybe because you were never really inside," Jeongin said softly. "we were always out. always walking somewhere or always doing something."

"I don't know," seungmin muttered, voice getting smaller. "It's just so fucking stupid."

His bottom lip trembled once—barely there, but enough for Jeongin to see it. Seungmin inhaled sharply, head tipping back, eyes glued to the ceiling like he could blink the tears back into his skull.

Jeongin's chest squeezed. "Oh come on you baby," he teased, but it wasn't mocking.

Before Seungmin could escape, Jeongin pulled him closer—arms hooking around his waist, shifting him like he weighed nothing. Seungmin let out a startled gasp as he found himself practically hauled into Jeongin's lap, not fully straddling him, but close enough that their chests brushed with every breath.

"Tch— Iyen—" Seungmin protested, palms pushing weakly against Jeongin's shoulders, but jeongin held him steady and firm.

"You know," Jeongin whispered, voice brushing against seungmin's cheek, "I barely ever see you cry."

Seungmin tensed instantly. "Iyen I swear to god—"

"You didn't even cry while watching the boy in the striped pajamas," Jeongin continued, tightening his arms to stop him from slipping away. "You were holding it in so hard your jaw was shaking."

"I'll hit you if you don't let me go," Seungmin grunted, irritation trying—and failing—to hide the embarrassment creeping into his voice.

Jeongin only smiled, the kind of smile Seungmin couldn't see but

could feel against his skin.

"You can cry you know," Jeongin murmured. "with me, you can cry."

Seungmin's breath hitched—barely, but enough.

And jeongin pretended not to notice the way seungmins fingers curled into the front of his shirt instead of pushing him away.

Chapter End Notes

kms. i know this chapter was bum ok.

one of you readers need to locate me, come over, kidnap me, chain me up and make me write at gun point. FUCKING WRITERS BLOCK.

I AM SO SORRY. I WILL POST A SHIT TON OF UPDATES THIS WEEK SO BE EXPECTING A LOT. if i don't pls nuke me.

also be expecting some seungin smut in the next chapter cuz i love them...

Chapter 17: Don't hide

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jeongin felt the tiny stutter in Seungmin's breathing and couldn't help the smirk that tugged onto his lips.

"Is my tough, cold, heartless fiancé finally getting emotional?" he teased, tilting his head just enough to look at seungmin's flushed face.

"Shut up," Seungmin muttered, cheeks warming immediately. He shoved Jeongin's shoulder—meant to be firm, but it came out weak and whiny, like he didn't have the energy to pretend.

Jeongin brushed a thumb under his eye, checking for tears like he knew it'd annoy him.

"Still dry," he teased lightly.

"Get off," Seungmin snapped.

"Make me," Jeongin replied, leaning in just a little too close.

Seungmin opened his mouth to fire back some insult, but jeongin didn't give him time.

He kissed him.

A sudden, hot, breath-stealing kiss that pushed every thought out of Seungmin's head.

Seungmin froze for half a second—then melted, all the tension in his shoulders unraveling at once. His hands, which had been pushing Jeongin away seconds ago, curled into his shirt instead, pulling him closer.

Jeongin's lips were warm. Hungry. But still so soft. So careful. Every movement of his mouth against Seungmin's felt like he'd been waiting for the release.

His hands slid from Seungmin's waist to his back, fingers exploring slowly. Seungmin shivered, breath catching.

They hadn't had sex in weeks. long enough that this heat felt

refreshing again. needed.

Seungmin kissed back deeper without meaning to, a soft sound caught in his throat. His arms looped around Jeongin's shoulders, holding him like his body had gotten tired of pretending it didn't want this.

Jeongin's breath hitched against his lips. then he kissed him harder. still gentle. a quiet hunger. a silent 'i missed you.'

Seungmin felt his chest warm, heat blooming through every nerve.

The kiss deepened naturally, like breathing.

Jeongin tilted his head, lips parting just enough—and seungmin followed without thinking, tongues brushing in a slow warm glide that made both of them exhale into each other's mouths.

Seungmin's fingers tightened at the back of Jeongin's shirt.

Jeongin let out a groan and pulled him even closer.

Their tongues met again, unhurried but needy, the kind of kiss that came from weeks of wanting without saying it. Seungmin felt heat coil low in his stomach, spreading through his chest, down his spine.

Before he realised it, his hips moved. Just barely. A small, soft grind—once, then again, shy and hesitant like he didn't even mean to do it.

Jeongin definitely noticed.

His breath stuttered. One of his hands slipped from Seungmin's back, trailing lower until it settled over the curve of seungmin's ass. He gave a gentle squeeze—more teasing than greedy.

Seungmin's lips parted in a soft, helpless sound he didn't want to make.

Jeongin's mouth curved into a smile against his. "I thought you didn't want to do anything," he murmured.

Seungmin kissed him harder instead of answering, tongue brushing his again, another tiny grind of his hips betraying him completely.

Jeongin's hand squeezed again—playful but undeniably wanting.

The shift happened so fast Seungmin barely processed it.

One moment he was straddling Jeongin's lap, kissing him breathless—the next, Jeongin's hands slid under his thighs, gripping firmly as he murmured, "Hold on."

Seungmin let out a startled gasp as Jeongin lifted him—actually lifted him—turning over until their positions flipped. Seungmin's back hit the mattress, blankets bunching under him, and Jeongin hovered above, breath warm against his lips.

"You—" Seungmin started, flustered. But Jeongin didn't give him the chance.

He dipped down and kissed his neck.

A soft, hungry drag of lips along the curve of Seungmin's throat. Then another. Then a gentle nibble right beneath his jaw, just enough to make Seungmin's breath hitch.

Jeongin smiled against his skin.

His hands roamed. Fingers traced the line of his waist, then up his ribs, then back down, thumbs brushing over soft skin beneath the shirt.

Seungmin's hands curled in the sheets, his chest rising and falling beneath the attention. A small, involuntary sound escaped him when Jeongin's teeth grazed that one sensitive spot near his collarbone.

"ngh—" he moaned lightly, voice trembling just a little.

Jeongin hummed lowly, the vibration melting straight into Seungmin's skin. "Mm? What's wrong?" he teased lightly, trailing kisses across his throat.

Seungmin's back arched faintly.

Jeongin shifted closer, settling more of his weight between Seungmin's legs. And then—slowly, almost lazily—he slid one knee forward.

The pressure met Seungmin's crotch in a teasing grind.

Seungmin's breath caught in his throat.

Jeongin did it again, just a subtle drag of his knee, enough to make heat shoot up Seungmin's spine. Seungmin's fingers clutched at Jeongin's shoulders, nails digging in through the fabric.

"Jeongin—" he whispered, shaky.

Jeongin looked down at him with soft heavy-lidded eyes. "What?" he murmured, nudging his knee forward again—intentional this time. "Tell me."

Seungmin's jaw clenched. He turned his face away, biting back the sound threatening to spill out of him. He could feel his hips twitching up without his permission.

Jeongin smirked against his neck. "You're holding it in?"

He rolled his knee just a little harder.

A broken breath escaped Seungmin—something between a gasp and a whine. He immediately clamped a hand over his mouth.

Jeongin's smile softened, affectionate and maddeningly amused as he eased the hand away from Seungmin's lips.

"Baby," he whispered, brushing his thumb across his bottom lip, "don't hide from me."

Seungmin swallowed hard, eyes fluttering shut as another small, helpless sound slipped out.

Jeongin's fingers slid under the hem of Seungmin's shirt again, knuckles dragging teasingly along his skin as he pushed the fabric up slowly like he was enjoying every second of Seungmin getting impatient.

Seungmin exhaled sharply. "Iyen.. stop teasing."

Jeongin smirked. "Whatever you say," he murmured.

He dipped down to kiss Seungmin again—right before his hands moved. The shirt went up, past Seungmin's ribs, then over his head, tossed somewhere off the bed.

Jeongin sat back on his thighs for a second, eyes dragging down Seungmin's half-naked body. His hands slithered down, palms warm. Seungmin swallowed hard, breath hitching when Jeongin's fingers lingered right at the waistband of his pants.

He tied them one-handed before tugging them down Seungmin's hips. Seungmin lifted them just enough to help, face warming every passing second.

Halfway through stripping him, Jeongin paused for a moment before leaning over Seungmin's body to reach the bedside drawer, their chests brushing.

He opened the drawer, grabbing the bottle of lube and a condom, letting them drop onto the mattress with a soft thud.

Then he hovered back over Seungmin, pinning him in again. His hand trailed right down Seungmin's hip, fingers hooking under his pants again.

"Can i?" he murmured.

His thumb rubbed gentle strokes on Seungmin's skin. He always made sure to check in.

Seungmin nodded in small, meeting jeongin's gaze, mumbling impatiently "just be quick,"

Chapter End Notes

yes i am robbing you of a full smut scene. yk the only reason i wasn't updating was bc i highkey couldn't write this bum fuck scene. and i was on my period and cramping like shit 💔

also pls ignore my stupid grammar mistakes

hopefully i can spam some chapters tonight

Chapter 18: Cupcake

Chapter Notes

△□ Content warning△□

chapter contains: mentions of child rape and child abuse.

Kim Ji-eun:

Child abuse

Child negligence

Assault on a minor

Lee Soo-jin:

Animal abuse

Park Hye-rin:

Child negligence

Assault on a minor

Rape

Choi Hyunwoo:

Rape

Yoon Dasom:

Rape on a minor

Assault on a minor

Kang Arin:

Child abuse

Animal abuse

Attempt of murder on spouse

Han Dongmin:

Child abuse

Kim Hana:

Animal abuse

Park Yeseo:

Rape on a minor

Jung Taeyang:

Incestuous assault

Child abuse

Moon Heejin:
Child negligence

Park Minjae:
Child abuse
Animal abuse

Seo Jaehyun:
Assault on a minor

Kang Woobin:
Child abuse

Baek Jihoon:
Animal abuse
Child abuse

Son Jaemin:
Child negligence
Assault on a minor

Ahn Gihyun:
Rape

Yoo Hwanseok:
Rape on a minor

Ha Seulbi:
Child negligence

As expected. Nineteen bodies. Nineteen non-innocent lives ended.

Jisung moved through the hotel room, gloves snapping into place, eyes scanning every corner. The hotel was in full lockdown. Crime scene tape cut across the hallways, forensic teams busied themselves with the grim work of photographing, cataloging, and tagging the victims. Outside, officers swarmed the other rooms, doing the same.

At the moment, jisung's attention was drawn to one victim in particular: Moon Heejin.

Twenty-eight years old. Two young children left behind. A gambler. A neglectful mother, according to reports.

Jisung's lips pressed into a thin line. He could have put her in cuffs.

But he wouldn't put her in jail. Not yet. A mental hospital would be the appropriate place.

Why? Because of her file.

The story was grim but depressingly familiar.

Raped by a teacher at sixteen. Abused by her own parents. Drifted into drugs for a time. Married, had children, endured an abusive husband who later died of cancer. Her children were left neglected—starving, left alone for hours, denied proper care, emotional attention barely given. Hygiene and safety were the bare minimum.

She hadn't physically harmed them. Not officially.

She'd survived, barely. But her mind had fractured under the weight of her past, and Jisung knew she wasn't equipped to parent properly. Her failings were a reflection of trauma, not malice.

And yet... Hyunjin had killed her.

Was he aware of something Jisung wasn't?

In his eyes, Moon Heejin was a damaged woman passing down what she'd endured. She wasn't capable of cruelty in the same way her rapists and abusers had been. Hyunjin didn't discriminate by intent or awareness—he judged by action, not circumstance.

That fucking hypocrite.

"This doesn't make sense," Jisung murmured, rubbing his temple.

"What exactly doesn't make sense, detective?" Changbin asked, who was currently crouched at the nightstand.

"Why would nineteen abusers, all unrelated, end up in this one hotel? They couldn't have been dragged or brought here willingly." Jisung's voice was taut with frustration.

"Unless they were," Changbin said, standing upright and finally glancing at him. He was holding something in his gloved hands.

Jisung furrowed at the thin sheet.

"Advertisement," Changbin said. He stepped closer, handing it to Jisung.

The largest words in front read: Elina Hotel: 50% off this winter!
Enjoy the luxury of gold and a 5-star experience!

A false ad.

Of course. He'd done it. Of course he had.

The pieces clicked into place. The fliers were planted carefully, sent to lure specific targets—abusers—into one location.

"Seems like he placed fake promotions at their doorsteps," Changbin said, voice tight with awe.

Jisung clenched his fists.

"I want that one, Mr. H."

Hannah pointed at the pink cupcake behind the glass display, the one topped with a little sugar unicorn.

"What's the magic word?" Mr. H asked.

"Please," she said quickly, eyes never leaving the cupcake.

Mr. H hummed approvingly, crouching down until his face was level with hers. "You still can't have it."

Hannah blinked, frowning as she turned to him with a pout. "But I said—"

"I told you to turn off the tv last night," he interrupted softly. "I said please too. But you didn't listen. So why should I listen to you?"

She frowned harder. "You're a grandpa. I'm a kid."

Mr. H chuckled quietly, a smile tugging at his lips. "Touché."

Then, standing, he dusted off his coat and extended a pale hand. "How

about we get some ramen first? And if you're really, really good... we'll come back for cupcakes. hm?"

Hannah glared for a moment, pouting, but she took his hand anyway. His fingers were cool, slender, and strangely familiar around hers.

"Fine."

Mr. H's lips faintly twitched at that.

-

"Hannah," Mr. H started.

They sat across from each other in her favorite ramen shop—a small, cozy place tucked away in the corner of the street. Nothing fancy. She never liked fancy.

Hannah was halfway through a mouthful of noodles, legs swinging beneath the chair. "Mm?" she mumbled, cheeks full.

"Fifteen minutes ago," he began, "you asked for a cupcake. I said no, and you gave me attitude. want to tell me why?"

Hannah huffed, finishing her bite before speaking.

"Because I wanted the cupcake then," she said matter-of-factly. "and because last night I want something sweet too. so when i see the cupcake today, it reminds me of how much I want it yesterday. that makes me want it more. I'm sorry, mr. h. I wasn't trying to be rude. I was just super little emotional."

She twirled her noodles quietly, voice softer now. "I will remember to think before I do something again next time. thank you for the ramen."

For a moment, mr. h just watched her—his expression unreadable.

Then, with a slow, approving smirk, he said, "You can have two cupcakes today."

Hannah tried to hide her smile, pride flickering in her eyes as she stuffed another mouthful of noodles into her mouth.

"Mr. h?" she asked after a moment.

"Yes?"

"When can I see Mrs. H again?"

Chapter 19: Unidentifiable

Chapter Notes

⚠️ Content warning ⚠️

chapter contains: mentions of suicide, animal abuse, depression, bullying, cannibalism and mental health issues/disorders

7:58 PM.

It was almost night. They were still at the hotel—currently gathered at the lobby.

Jisung sat slouched on one of the worn couches, files and laptops spread out before him, surrounded by officers and teams chattering in low tones.

Changbin was beside him, equally focused, though he occasionally drummed his fingers against a folder.

There was no time for breaks and yet every movement felt unbearably slow.

Another victim in particular gnawed at Jisung: Kim Hana.

Fourteen years old. Underage.

Placed in a youth center at twelve for “complications.”

A file littered with animal abuse. A pet bird killed when she was eleven. Mentally unwell, clearly.

Changbin had found a single thread connecting her to another victim: Moon Heejin.

Moon Minju. One of Heejin’s two children.

She was nine years old, had gone to the same school as Hana two years ago. That was it—a tiny connection, almost meaningless. Yet it was the only one between any of the victims.

Jisung’s focus, however, was elsewhere. Heejin’s missing limbs. Seven fingers gone. Bite marks. Saliva.

The mutilation of Heejin and Hana stood out like jagged clumsy scratches against the otherwise precise pattern of Hyunjin's killings. The rest of the victims had been handled with meticulous care, almost ritualistic in execution. But these two... messy. rough. amateurish.

Was it cannibalism? Or just bites meant to humiliate the victims post-mortem? Was Hyunjin growing reckless—or was it a trap to confuse them, waste their time, play with their frustration?

The forensic team had run tests on the saliva. No match. Unidentified.

“He could have gotten someone else to do this,” Changbin said, leaning back in his chair.

“Sure, he could have, but he didn't.” Jisung replied, staring at the screens before him before opening his mouth again. “We need to pull CCTV from every road between Lee Felix's apartment and Elina Hotel.”

Before Changbin could respond, a voice cut across the table.

“There's no need for that. Total waste of time,” someone said, casually, almost smirking.

Jisung snapped his head up.

An officer from another district stood across the table, arms crossed, a patronising tilt to his chin. His name tag read ‘Vice Chief - Kang Jinho’

“There's no hundred percent guarantee this is Hwang Hyunjin,” Jinho continued.

“We're not working off percentages,” Jisung said, teeth clenched.

“Oh, so we're going by gut feeling now? Because you feel it in your bones?” Jinho laughed humorlessly.

“We aren't working off gut feeling you cocky shit eating fuckhead.” Jisung barked back.

“Someone's getting worked up,” Jinho snickered, clearly enjoying the reaction.

Jisung was about to spit more curses before he was nudged on the shoulder from beside.

“Just ignore him,” Changbin prompted.

Jisung exhaled sharply, jaw aching, muscles tense.

Right. Focus. He hadn't slept properly in days. The earlier unresolved argument with Minho still bit at him. He didn't need some arrogant ego-driven officer trying to bait him into a scene that would get them nowhere.

-

9:45 PM.

The lobby was nearly silent now. Most officers had cleared out back to the station, leaving only dim lights, stale coffee cups, and two exhausted detectives slumped on opposite ends of a couch.

Changbin let out a jaw-cracking yawn before taking a long sip of ice cold water. Jisung sat hunched forward, palms pressed to his face, sliding down the cushions like gravity was finally winning.

Nothing. Absolutely nothing made sense.

He'd taken Modafinil and lithium earlier—just enough to keep himself upright and not spiral. Going home wasn't an option. Rest wasn't an option. Hyunjin never allowed rest.

More updates had come in from forensics, each one worse than the last:

-The bite marks didn't match hyunjin.

-Almost all victims had clean throat slits. precise quick kills. so hyunjin.

-Except two.

Two bodies had not been slit at the neck. Hana and Heejin. They'd been stabbed in the chest. Over and over.

It didn't fit Hyunjin.

It didn't fit anything.

Meaning only a few possibilities remained:

Hyunjin had help.

Someone was copying him.

Or someone else entirely had been here.

Hotel cameras? Wiped clean.

Security guards? Drugged, unconscious.

A textbook Hyunjin move with someone else's fingerprints smudged all over it.

“Maybe it was suicide out of guilt?” Changbin finally said, breaking the suffocating quiet.

Jisung cracked his eyes open, staring dead at the ceiling. “You’re suggesting both of them just coincidentally decided to kill themselves at the exact same time?”

“It’s not common,” Changbin said, stepping closer with two cups of water, “but it’s not impossible either.”

“Hana had ASPD,” Jisung muttered, sitting up as Changbin offered him one of the cups. He took it and drank immediately, throat burning with relief. “She wouldn’t unalive herself because of guilt. She barely registered guilt.”

(ASPD - Antisocial Personality Disorder: a mental health condition where a person consistently disregards the rights of others, lacks empathy or guilt, and often engages in impulsive, reckless, or manipulative behavior.)

“But she was diagnosed with depression when she was eleven,” Changbin countered casually. “Bullying. isolation. early onset mood issues. basically a history that complicates things.”

Jisung rubbed his eyes, brain spinning. Complicated didn’t even begin to cover it.

Something was wrong. horribly wrong. and they weren’t seeing it yet.

Suddenly—sharp and loud in the quiet lobby—Changbin snapped his fingers.

Jisung jolted, the sound slicing straight through his exhaustion.

Changbin wasn’t the type to snap his fingers. He wasn’t the type to react suddenly at all. But now he was standing straighter than ever,

eyes subtly wide, the color drained from his face like every neuron in his brain had just fired at once.

“Officer han,” he said, voice shallow with realization. “We need to question the kids.”

Jisung blinked. “The kids? You mean the six-year-old and nine-year-old?”

A beat passed. Then another.

When Jisung finally met Changbin’s eyes properly, his fingers stopped subconsciously rubbing.

Because Changbin—who stared down murder scenes like they were grocery lists, who handled gore the way most people handled traffic—looked afraid. Actually afraid. A sort of dread.

“....what?” Jisung asked, his voice suddenly small.

Changbin’s brows puckered. “The DNA didn’t come back as ‘unidentifiable.’”

Jisung’s was still confused. “What do you mean?”

Changbin’s jaw tightened. “It didn’t have an unidentifiable match.”

A long pause. Too long.

“Han,” Changbin continued, “It had no match at all.”

Jisung froze.

Because that meant one thing.

Changbin’s voice dropped even lower.

“Officer Han, that saliva didn’t come from an adult.”

And suddenly everything in Jisung’s brain connected in one horrifying snap.

The sloppy mutilation.

The inconsistent wounds.

The immature bite patterns.

The lack of precision.

The panic.

The rage.

The two victims who were killed differently.

The 'useless' connection.

A child.

A child who had killed.

And the only children on record who had been anywhere near these victims?

Moon Heejin's kids.

Jisung felt cold.

Violently, bone-deep cold.

"Oh my god."

Chapter 20: She knows

10:02 PM.

“Oh they’re still wide awake,” the nurse said gently, hands folded in front of her. “But they’re shaken from today. Don’t you think questioning can wait until tomorrow? They’re just kids after all.”

Jisung forced a smile, the kind he used on uncooperative witnesses. “You’re totally right.” Then, without missing a beat. “Are you going to lead the way or not?”

Her smile froze. cracked clean down the middle.

“Officers... you have to understand,” she began, voice tightening with concern. “These children are in a severe state of shock. It isn’t good for them to be pressured right now, and ethically—”

“Are you really about to make me repeat myself for the fifth time?” Jisung snapped, patience evaporating.

The nurse flinched.

Before Jisung could continue, Changbin stepped forward, posture firm but polite—the “good cop” version of him which was still intimidating as hell.

“Ma’am,” he said, voice steady, “under korean law, you are legally required to cooperate with an active investigation involving multiple homicide victims. Interfering—even with good intentions—is still interference. So please.” He nodded toward the hallway. “let us do our job.”

The nurse’s jaw clenched. Her eyes flicked between them—fear, guilt, and uncertainty blending into one tight expression. For a moment, she seemed ready to argue again.

Then she exhaled, defeated. “...very well,” she murmured. “follow me.”

She turned, leading them down the dim hospital corridor, her steps stiff with reluctance.

And behind her, Jisung and Changbin exchanged a look before following.

-

The hospital smelled like disinfectant and lavender soap—too clean, too polished, like it was trying to convince everyone that nothing bad could ever happen. White floors, white walls, white lights buzzing softly overhead. Every few seconds, a cough echoed from the waiting area. A baby whimpered on her exhausted mother's lap, her tiny fists rubbing at red, teary eyes. The mother stared ahead blankly, as if she hadn't slept in days.

Jisung and Changbin followed the nurse deeper into the pediatric wing. Their footsteps felt too loud in the quiet corridor.

After a short walk, the nurse stopped in front of a door painted with cartoon flowers and a smiling sun. The sun had a human face—round, uncanny, its smile a little too stretched.

The nurse twisted the doorknob, and the moment it cracked open, warm yellow light spilled into the dim hallway. Laughter followed.

Inside, the atmosphere felt like another world entirely.

Two children sat side by side on a small couch, legs swinging. Across from them, another nurse held a fan of UNO cards, dramatically sighing as the youngest kid—a tiny boy with shoulder-length hair—slapped down a plus four and burst into giggles. His older sister nudged him with an amused eye-roll.

For a second, it almost looked like any normal evening. Any normal kids. Not survivors of a massacre. Or possible suspects of cannibalism.

“Jiji, the detectives are here,” the nurse announced softly.

All three heads turned.

Jisung stepped in with a practiced warm smile. “Hey there. I’m Officer han. And I heard we’ve got two incredibly brave heroes in this room so we’re really lucky to meet you’s tonight.”

The younger kid—wide eyed—looked up at the nurse beside him. His lips jutted into a tiny pout.

“Are you gonna go now, jiji?”

The nurse—Jiji—immediately softened, turning to him with the gentlest smile Jisung had seen all week.

“Oh sweetheart no. I’ll be back the second these lovely gentlemen finish chatting with you. Remember what you told me earlier? That you’re strong, right? Super strong. Like superman.”

She scrunched her nose playfully. The boy giggled again, a sweet little laugh.

Jisung paused just for a fraction. That sounded similar.

Strong like superman.

Right. Right.

Jiji stood and gave both detectives a respectful nod. “Okay then. I’ll step out for a bit. If these officers tell me you were very, very good,” she said, winking at the kids, “I’ll bring snacks. The sour gummies and chips.”

Both children perked up as gave both them a wave before walking past them and slipped out. Jisung gave on more respectful nod to here before grabbing the knob and slowly shutting the door with a click.

“Well, first of all—how are we feeling today little superheroes?” Changbin asked, easing closer with a small crouch so he didn’t tower over them.

“I’m good! I am gonna be good because if I do—you—you’re gonna tell Jiji and she said we’re not allowed sweet stuff at night but—but if I’m really good she said she’ll bring it so—so I’m gonna be super good!” the boy rambled, feet kicking wildly, small fingers gripping his jeans like he was trying to hold all that excitement inside his tiny body.

Jisung’s heart melted and ached at the same time.
Did this poor kid even understand what happened today?

Both children were dressed in clean, fresh clothes. The boy glowed—bright and loud, the human version of sunlight. His sister, though... she only managed small, polite smiles. Too polite. Too controlled. Her energy looked “fine” at first glance, but everything underneath was trembling.

Her fingers kept picking at each other.
Her teeth pressed into the inside of her cheek.
Her eyes darted, never landing, never resting.

Yeah. She wasn’t fine. Not at all.

Changbin shifted slightly on the couch, resting his elbows on his knees, hands clasped loosely, trying to offer a calm presence without hovering. The soft beeping and hum of the hospital monitors filled the quiet spaces.

Jisung leaned forward just enough to meet the boy's wide eyes, his tone gentle.

"We need to talk to each of you for a little while. Just some questions. nothing scary. we're not here to punish anyone. we just want to make sure you're safe and understand everything that happened today. okay?"

The boy blinked slowly, head tilting to one side, still clutching his jeans. "Questions?" he asked, voice small. "but... why for?"

Jisung's brows softened, he offered the faintest reassuring smile. "We just need to hear from each of you separately. It makes it easier to talk. You'll be safe the whole time—we promise. If you want anything—water, juice, a toy, a drawing book—just ask."

The boy's brow furrowed, confusion flitting across his features. He paused for a long moment, as if weighing the strange adult words. Then, slowly, he nodded, his small body seeming to accept something he didn't fully understand. "But then I can also get the the sour gummies after?"

Jisung nodded, fist tight with encouragement. "Yes. Sour gummies after."

But the girl... she didn't move. Not a twitch, not a blink. She stared at the floor, then through the back of the couch as if it were a window into a different world. Her stillness wasn't hesitation—it was almost rigid.

And out of nowhere, almost horrifyingly, jisung noticed how abnormally large the girl's pupils were. Something inside her had snapped.

She knows what she did.

And jisung was going to find out.

Chapter 21: Did she?

Chapter Notes

△□ Content warning△□

chapter contains: mentions of child neglect and cannibalism

also i forgot to say the girls name is minju and the boys name is aechan. enjoy :D

Aechan Moon: 6, Male

Minju Moon: 9, Female

-

The room felt unnaturally still. Not just quiet. silent.

The kind of silence that presses against your ears and makes your own heartbeat sound too loud.

No buzzing light. No shuffling. No heavy breaths.

Only the soft, repetitive sound of Minju picking at her nails.

They were in a different room now—an interrogation room designed for children, though that word felt misplaced. The furniture was small, friendly shapes. Soft colours. A low grey wooden table sat between them, its surface scattered with colouring books, stress toys, coloured pencils meant to make the atmosphere feel harmless. Safe.

But nothing about Minju's empty stare said "safe."

Seven minutes.

Seven full minutes of her only responses being quiet "no thank you"s to every offer he'd made.

Jisung finally tried again, voice gentle but steady. "Do you need a cup of water?"

"No thank you," she replied immediately, eyes still locked on her nails as she picked at them with quiet precision.

He waited another moment. "Is your throat sore? You're not saying anything."

Her answer came quick, sharper than before. "Because I didn't do anything. You only bring people into rooms like this when they did something."

"You did something terribly wrong," he wanted to say. But opened his mouth for a more professional response.

"Look, I'll remind you again—you are not being blamed for anything that happened today. Nothing." His voice softened further as he leaned forward, elbows lightly resting on his knees. "What happened was unfair to everyone. I just want to understand the truth."

Minju didn't answer. Not even a flinch.

Inside, Jisung felt his patience tightening, his professionalism wrestling with the ache building behind his ribs.

He tried redirecting. "Do you know the difference between truth and lie?"

"Mhm," she hummed.

"You understand you're only supposed to tell me the truth, because lying will put both of us in a place we don't want to be. Right?"

Another hum. Another nod.

"Okay," he said, tapping lightly on the table. "If I told you this table was pink, would that be the truth or a lie?"

"Lie."

Still no eye contact. Just picking. Picking. Picking.

Jisung leaned back slightly, took a breath, and went for it.

"Did you consume any parts of Moon Heejin?"

Silence.

Jisung softened his tone again, trying not to let the frustration bleed

through. "Alright. Let me ask something else." He exhaled. "Do you know a man who goes by the name Hwang Hyunjin?"

That got her.

Minju's eyes snapped up—wide, terrified—her entire body turning rigid like a startled animal.

There it is.

Jisung barely had time to prepare his next gentle push when he heard it—a crack.

Not from the room.
From her.

Minju's thighs tightened against each other. Her body curled forward. Her tiny fingers dug deep into the cushion beneath her as her nostrils flared sharply. Her bottom lip quivered—barely, but undeniably.

And then, she whispered.

"Please."

Jisung leaned forward immediately, brows knitting. "Please what?"

Her voice trembled so hard it almost broke mid-sentence. "He'll kill me. He's going to kill me. He will. He really will. If I say it or not he's going to kill me."

Jisung felt something in him collapse. Fear like this—this level of certainty—didn't come from imagination.

"Who?" he asked, the word slipping out quietly, almost instinctively.

Minju tried to speak, but her throat locked. She opened her mouth once, twice—no sound.

And then finally, barely louder than a breath.

"Mr. H."

Jisung's pulse kicked up.

"Who's Mr. H?" he asked carefully, watching every tiny shift in her expression.

Minju wiped her eyes before the tears could fall, her fingers trembling.

"That guy—that guy you just said. The one on the news. The angel guy." Her voice cracked, trembling like she was choking on the words themselves.

Jisung immediately stood halfway when he noticed the tears. "Minju—should I get someone? Do you need—"

"NO!" she suddenly screamed, the sound raw and desperate. "No wait—wait, let me tell you—let me tell you—he'll kill me either way—just wait —"

That tone—pure panic—made jisung sit right back down.

"Okay, I'm listening. But breathe first. Calm down." He leaned closer, grounding his voice. "You're safe here with me. I'm right here."

She nodded stiffly, almost mechanically, as if forcing the motion on herself.

Then the words spilled out.

"He's gonna take Aechan... and he'll kill me." Her throat bobbed, breath hitching. "Because I killed oma. I killed her and I ate her—her fingers—"

Jisung's heart plummeted.

Minju saw it—or she thought she did. She misread the flicker in his face as disgust, as hatred, as condemnation. And something inside her snapped.

"I WAS HUNGRY, OKAY?!" she shrieked, the sound scraping like broken glass. "SHE DIDN'T GIVE ME FOOD FOR A WEEK! WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO?!"

Jisung froze mid-breath. His fingers tightened. His pulse stilled. Every instinct screamed to stand up—call backup, call medical, call someone —

But he didn't move fast enough.

"I SAID LISTEN!" she screeched, leaning forward like a cornered animal. "SIT DOWN AND LISTEN TO ME! LISTEN BEFORE HE KILLS ME! I WON'T TELL YOU IF YOU DON'T LISTEN TO ME NOW!"

Her face was twisted, red, scrunched with fear that was way, way too

old for a nine year old.

Jisung didn't flinch. Not even once.

"Minju," he said firmly, voice steady. "Calm down. No one is going to kill you. No one is going to touch you. I promise."

He held her gaze, unmoving. "Take deep breaths. I can't understand you when you're panicking like this. Slow down. You're safe. Alright?"

Just like that—she froze.

Then, in a jarring shift, she wiped her face with the back of her hand. Her voice shrank into something smaller.

"I'm sorry... just—don't go now. And listen to me. Wait until I finish."

Chapter 22: She did indeed

Chapter Notes

△□ Content warning△□

chapter contains: mentions of COCSA (child on child sexual assault), pedophilia, Incestuous sexual assault, cannibalism

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

"I killed Hana too."

The words were small—quiet—but they detonated like a bomb.

Jisung's brows tightened for a moment then he remembered.

Kim Hana.

Fourteen.

Underage, mentally unwell.

Animal abuse history.

One of the two victims whose wounds didn't match the others—sloppier, impulsive, frenzied.

"He told me to—I didn't want to—" she rushed, words tripping over themselves like she was trying to outrun them.

"Minju. Deep breaths," he said gently, lifting both hands in a calming gesture. "I need you to slow down. I can't help you unless I understand you."

She pretended to listen—nodding once—then completely ignored him.

"We—I—she went to the same school as me last year," she said, voice cracking. "She was my friend but then one day after school at the park she put her fingers inside me. I didn't know why. I told her to stop—she didn't—she told me I liked it but I didn't—I didn't like it—"

Her breathing was too fast. Too sharp. Her knees shook under the table.

"I told oma but she didn't care. Then—then—that bitch told Hana she had to pay if she wanted to touch me again and Hana paid her."

Her voice broke completely. "So Hana started putting things inside me—she put a—a—hair thing—hairbrush—inside me and she made me lick

it—I told her to stop so many times she didn't listen—she hurt me inside, it hurt so much—"

Jisung's stomach twisted violently. The room felt colder. Smaller.

"And oma kept getting money," Minju continued, tears streaming now, her breath hitching every other syllable. "She used it for gambling and lost everything—the money she got because of me—everything. she didn't give me food. not even one coin. not even food."

Her voice wavered, then sharpened.

"One night oma came home from a club and she touched me—and I hit her—and she hit me back—and she put her fingers inside me—"

Jisung stiffened. "Minju—"

"INSIDE ME—" she screamed, body curling forward. "She put her fingers inside me—nails—long nails—nails she bought with my money—my money—and I was bleeding—inside—there was so much blood—TOO MUCH BLOOD—"

Her voice cracked, then collapsed into a whisper.

"He saw."

Her eyes went hazy, unfocused, like she was looking at something behind Jisung.

"He was at school. He saw everything. He saw me say no but Hana didn't stop. He told me it was my fault. That if she didn't stop when I said no it meant I was weak. That i was too weak to make her listen."

Jisung's breath stilled.

"That night," she whispered, "when Oma made me bleed... he came. Mr. H. He told me to kill her. And if I didn't, it meant I wanted it. He said if I didn't kill Oma then I liked not eating. I liked when she put her fingers inside me. I liked when she didn't take me to doctors. That I wanted it."

Her hands clenched until her knuckles turned white.

"I didn't kill Oma," she said, shaking her head violently. "I didn't. I didn't. I didn't."

Then her knees buckled inward. She swallowed air like she was

drowning.

"But then we came here and I saw him—"

Her voice dropped to a terrified whisper. "He gave me a knife. He told me to eat. Told me if I didn't, I wasn't hungry. But... I didn't eat for a week... and I was hungry... so I-I—I——"

Her hands flew to her head, gripping her hair, pulling haird.

"DO YOU KNOW?!" she screamed suddenly, voice so loud it echoed off the walls. "WAS IT REALLY ME? IS IT ALL MY FAULT? IS IT ALL ME?!"

Jisung immediately raised his hands, holding her wrists, trying to keep his voice calm as he crouched slightly to match her height. "Minju—stop. Calm down."

Her fingers twitched, then—suddenly—they relaxed. For a brief moment, it felt like he'd gotten through.

He bent down further, eyes meeting hers, but froze instantly. Something in Minju's gaze wasn't right. Too bright. Too sharp. Too aware for a child who had just been through that hell.

"Minju—?" he started, concern threading his voice, before her hands shoved his away like they weighed nothing.

"Yah," she scoffed, her voice sharp, biting.

"Do you even really care? Or is this just your job?" Her tears were gone now. She glared at him, furious, almost grown-up in her intensity.

Jisung stumbled back slightly, taken aback. Confusion twisted his features, brows knitting together. "I care? Wh—" he started, but the words caught in his throat.

The sudden creak of the door cut through the tense air.

Jisung's head snapped toward it.

And gosh. what he saw made his blood run cold. his heart hammered. his lungs seized in a sharp inhale.

The man stepped inside, calm and entirely in control. He closed the door behind him with the softest click.

His smile was warm. Too warm. Just as remembered.

“Long time no see, Officer Han,” Hyunjin greeted.

Chapter End Notes

sooo... how r we feeling??

Chapter 23: Take a seat

Chapter Notes

⚠️ Content warning ⚠️

chapter contains: mentions of grooming, incestuous molestation, cannibalism, manipulation and sexual assault

"Hyunjin," Jisung breathed, instinct snapping before thought. His hand flew to his waist for the gun—

Gone.

"Looking for this?" Hyunjin's voice floated lazily from behind him.

Jisung spun so fast he almost tripped, and there it was—his gun dangling from Hyunjin's fingers like a toy.

How the fuck—?

His heartbeat was slamming against his ribs, too fast, too loud, like his body was seconds away from shutting down from sheer panic.

"Relax, officer," Hyunjin murmured, strolling toward him with confidence. "Take a seat."

Jisung backed up immediately, boots scraping against the floor. Hyunjin lifted the gun, smile gone cold. "I said sit."

Jisung didn't even get the chance to breathe. Hyunjin's arm snapped sideways—

And the gun went off.

The shot exploded through the room.

Minju's head jerked, half of it bursting open against the wall. Red sprayed in a clean arc, dripping down the wallpaper in slow motion. Her body twitched once before collapsing like a puppet with cut strings.

Jisung choked on air, hands flying to his ears as the ringing swallowed every other sound. His vision blurred, tunneling between shock and denial. Words wouldn't form—his brain couldn't keep up.

Hyunjin exhaled softly, like he'd just finished something mildly annoying. He stepped over, grabbed Minju's small wrist, and yanked her lifeless body upright—only to shove her to the floor like she weighed nothing, like she meant nothing.

Then he sat down exactly where she had been, settling comfortably into the cushions, gun dangling loosely from his hand.

He crossed one leg over the other and looked up at Jisung almost politely.

"Do you," Hyunjin asked, tilting his head, "know what sit down means?"

Jisung didn't even realize he was moving until his knees hit something solid. His brain was still frozen somewhere between the gunshot and the blood on the wall, but his body dragged itself forward anyway—slow, hesitant, like he was wading through concrete.

One shaky step.
Another.

His legs felt numb, but he forced himself toward the couch, toward Hyunjin, because the barrel of the gun said move even if Hyunjin didn't.

He lowered himself onto the cushion, barely keeping himself upright. His breath kept catching in his throat. His tongue felt too big in his mouth. His mind wasn't forming sentences—just noise, panic, ringing.

He looked up.

Hyunjin was already staring at him.
Their eyes locked—pupil to pupil.

Hyunjin looked... calm. Perfectly calm. Like this was a casual catch-up between old friends. Like Minju's blood wasn't still dripping down the wall behind him.

Jisung's stomach twisted violently.

Why did Hyunjin look so normal?
Why did he feel like this?

His chest began to ache—actual pain blooming under his ribs. His heartbeat was irregular, pounding so hard it hurt. His palms were

slick. His throat was closing.

What the fuck was happening?

Was this even real?

His gaze twitched, dragged unwillingly toward Minju's small body crumpled on the floor. Her hair matted with blood. One shoe missing. The way her limbs had fallen—

He had to look away.

His voice finally scraped out of him like gravel.

"What are you doing here?" he rasped, barely managing to form the words.

Hyunjin's smile didn't change. Not even a millimeter. it stayed soft, polite, warm—completely mismatched to the nightmare unfolding around them.

He rested Jisung's gun casually on his thigh, fingers tapping along the barrel like he was bored waiting for an elevator.

"What am I doing here?" Hyunjin repeated, tilting his head slightly. "i should be asking you that. Why are you interviewing my kid?"

Jisung swallowed, throat burning. "She wasn't your kid."

Hyunjin raised a brow. "Wasn't she? She fed me information. She lived because I let her. She died because I didn't need her anymore. That's closer to parenthood than most people manage."

Jisung felt the air leave his lungs too fast. His fingers curled on his knees, nails digging into fabric just to stop them shaking.

Hyunjin leaned back against the couch, relaxed. "You look pale. Is the blood bothering you?" He nodded toward minju's body without even glancing at it. "She was already falling apart. You did her a favor by letting me in, honestly."

"I didn't let you in," Jisung whispered.

"Sure you did," Hyunjin said cheerfully. "you always do."

Jisung's breath hitched. "You just killed a child."

Hyunjin finally looked away from him, glancing toward the wall

splattered with red. "A child? She ate her mother's, officer. Let's not pretend she was some innocent little flower." His eyes flicked back, darker now. "But you knew that, didn't you? You heard it right from her mouth."

Jisung's stomach lurched.

Hyunjin leaned forward, elbows resting casually on his knees, smile dropping into something flatter—too controlled. "You're shaking. Are you scared of me?"

Jisung forced himself to breathe. "Shouldn't I be?"

Hyunjin's grin widened, slow and delighted.

"You should," he said softly. "But not for the reasons you think."

Hyunjin leaned back. "You look like you've seen a ghost," he said, tilting his head, eyes still locked on Jisung's. "The funny thing is none of that happened."

Jisung's stomach dropped, brows pinched. "What do you mean."

Hyunjin's smile remained, but there was a sharpness behind it now. "Everything she told you. Every word about blood, knives, fingers—fabricated." He paused, letting it sink in. "She lied. Staged it. Played the perfect scared little girl for you."

Jisung felt his knees go weak even though he wasn't standing. "So you're saying she lied?? You—"

"She's just a kid," Hyunjin interrupted softly, almost kindly, "and yes, she was hungry. That's it. nothing more. just... hunger."

Jisung's mind tried to catch up. His pulse was still racing, the room spinning around him.

Hyunjin leaned even closer, lowering his voice like he was sharing a secret. "And you believed it."

Jisung's jaw tightened. He wanted to speak, to yell, to demand answers—but all he could do was sit frozen, staring at Hyunjin.

Hyunjin's hand brushed the gun lazily. "Hungry children... scared detectives... such easy little puzzles to set up. And yet, so effective." His smile was almost tender, almost gentle, if you ignored the underlying menace. "You're exhausted, officer han. that's why it

worked."

Jisung's chest tightened. "You did all this.. just to scare me?"

"Exactly," Hyunjin said, eyes gleaming with satisfaction. "And now, look at you. Sitting there. Heart racing. Hands trembling. Perfectly trained, perfectly fooled. Just like I knew you would be."

Jisung's whole being twisted, bile rising as Hyunjin's voice became softer, almost confessional, yet every word was a blade digging into him. "You think it's all just horror stories? She's a child, yes... pathetic, fragile, easy to pity. But me? You don't feel an ounce of sadness for me."

"And why the hell should I feel sorry for you?" Jisung hissed. "The only fact I know at the moment is that you groomed an innocent child to achieve a sick fantasy then murdered her when she became 'useless'."

Hyunjin smiled. "Oh but you know it's more than that."

"Do i?" Jisung glared.

"Do you feel sorry for Jinn then?" hyunjin spoke.

Jisung wavered.

Hyunjin noticed.

Then jisung opened his mouth. "Not a single ounce."

Hyunjin's expression faltered, but just for a fraction. his smile returned, more bright and warm now. his lips parted.

"I felt his fingers curl inside me. I felt his wet tongue against mine. I felt him press on my bruises just to watch me flinch. I felt his semen drip down my chin. I felt him drag my head up and down. He gripped my hair so tight my scalp tore. I felt it all. She said it all. Do you see the difference?"

Jisung's ears burned. He wanted to claw them out, wanted to silence the words, to shut the image from his mind. His hands clenched into fists so hard his nails dug into his palms.

"How can I believe you?!" he spat, voice shaking. "You could be lying too."

Hyunjin's laugh cut through the tension, sharp and manic.

"She was a child. You manipulated her," Jisung ground out, teeth clenched, knuckles whitening.

"Oh, this is rich," Hyunjin said, amusement curling his lips. "You pity the girl who lied, not the boy who survived."

Jisung's chest tightened, rage and revulsion warring inside him. "You used her."

Hyunjin leaned back, shrugging, expression calm as ever. "I tested her. Just like life tested me."

Jisung's stomach churned. He couldn't feel sympathy for Hyunjin. Not a shred. He only felt the weight of responsibility, anger, and the crushing horror of what had been done to a child who had only survived because someone had bent her will.

"You survived," Jisung muttered, voice low but sharp. "You're alive but you've used that pain to hurt others."

Hyunjin's smile didn't falter this time. "And that, detective, is the difference between us."

Jisung's pulse hammered in his temples.

"Why are you doing all this?" he demanded.

Hyunjin's calm smile morphed into a smirk. "I'm here for you."

Jisung halted.

Hyunjin stood slowly, stepping over before lowering himself beside Jisung, brushing shoulder to shoulder. "What—" Jisung started, instinctively ready to bolt away before he felt something hit his back. The gun pressed lightly against his upper back, keeping him pinned.

"I've waited a long time for this," Hyunjin murmured, voice soft and intimate now, the words crawling under Jisung's skin. "Just you and just me."

A hand slid over Jisung's inner thigh.

"Do you understand me, detective?" he whispered, breath warm against Jisung's ear.

-

Jisung's eyes snapped open.

Chapter 24: Childish

Chapter Notes

yall lets pretend im not late☐

8:01 PM.

“Are you sure? It might help for now—but you don’t have to,” Chan asked, voice gentle, almost hesitant, as he leaned against the side of Felix’s bed.

Felix didn’t look up. His fingers twisted together, tracing invisible patterns over the quilt.

“I... I don’t really want to. not now. not... not right now,” he whispered, knees pulled tight to his chest, a familiar burn of shame pressing down on his chest like a weight.

Chan didn’t push. He never pushed. Instead, he moved closer, wrapping an arm around Felix’s shoulders and pulling him gently against his chest. The warmth of Chan’s body was immediate.

“It’s okay baby. It’s okay,” he murmured, thumb brushing soothing circles over Felix’s arm. “I know it’s hard. It’s supposed to be hard. you’re already doing so well. you’re so strong, felix. so, so strong.”

Felix let himself melt into the embrace, letting out a shaky breath he didn’t even realise he was holding. The shame didn’t disappear, not yet, but Chan’s presence was like a soft anchor in the storm.

Therapy wasn’t what Felix felt he needed right now, not yet. Chan understood that—he wasn’t going to force him.

But, of course, Felix felt guilty anyway. Because he did need it.

And that guilt wrapped itself around him tighter than the blanket, twisting into self-scoldings.

Why am I being such a child? Just because I don’t feel like it, I won’t go to therapy?

It was immature. It was childish. It was selfish.

Felix tightened against Chan instinctively, shoulders hunching, teeth

biting into his lip, avoiding the warmth of Chan's gaze.

But Chan saw it. Always. The tiny sharp inhale, the tension, the way Felix shrank into himself—it was obvious to anyone else, maybe, but to Chan it was like reading a book he'd memorised by heart.

And Chan had an idea. A little trick his own therapist had recommended: If he's blaming himself for acting 'childish', let him do something 'childish'. let him know you want to do it with him. let the inner child out.

Chan smiled softly, brushing Felix's messy hair back from his face.

"We still have some leftover hundred and thousands," he said, voice playful, "and... I'm feeling my inner child coming out. how about we make some fairy bread together?"

Felix's eyelids flickered. He didn't move.

Chan didn't rush him. he continued. "Last time we had fairy bread we were in australia. years ago. It'd be... refreshing, no? And we can play that French playlist you sent me last month. Remember? The one you said was relaxing?"

Felix sniffled softly, eyes glued to the quilt. He wanted it—wanted the fairy bread—but the inertia of his own exhaustion held him down.

Chan didn't ask again. Not impatiently, not pushily. He just waited. Not in a way that demanded an immediate answer, but in a way that said, 'I'll wait as long as you need'.

Felix didn't answer right away. He shifted slightly, then wriggled down the bed until he was lying flat, turning his head to rest it on Chan's lap like it was the most natural place in the world.

"I'm tired," he murmured. "and kinda cold."

Chan's heart melted instantly. He didn't even think—his hand reached back, grabbing the blanket from behind and pulling it over Felix's body, tucking the edges around him with care.

"Better?" Chan asked quietly.

Felix answered with a pleased little hum, eyes fluttering shut for a second.

Chan smiled to himself and threaded his fingers through Felix's long blond hair. It had grown more over the year—still soft, still feather-light between his fingers. Felix shifted again, nuzzling closer, trying to find the perfect position, his cheek pressing more firmly into Chan's thigh.

Chan let him. He always did.

“Are you gonna stay?” Felix asked suddenly, voice barely above a whisper.

Chan didn't even hesitate. “Of course. where would I go?”

Felix's hands lifted, fidgeting with the fabric of Chan's sweats, thumb rubbing absentmindedly over his thigh. “what about the dishes?” he asked.

Chan snorted softly. “Dishes can wait. there's like two plates in the sink anyway.”

Felix hummed again, this time softer, fingers finding a loose hem and worrying at it gently. “I don't wanna sleep yet,” he said, almost pouting. “It's still too early.”

Chan smirked, glancing down at him. “Hmm...” He paused, pretending to think. “Wanna play some league of legends?”

Felix let out a noise halfway between a whine and a groan and gave Chan's lap a weak slap, earning a quiet laugh from Chan.

Silence settled again. not awkward. just comfortable.

The room filled with the soft rustle of the blanket and Felix's tiny movements as he shifted, restless in that way that meant his body wanted comfort but his mind refused to settle.

“Chan,” Felix said after a while.

“Yeah?”

Felix hesitated. His fingers stilled for half a second before moving again. “Can we... have some wine?”

Chan's hand froze mid-stroke through Felix's hair. Just for a moment.

His therapist's words suddenly echoed in his head again: ‘people often drink to numb themselves. to escape. be careful when comfort turns

into avoidance.'

Chan exhaled slowly. He thought it through. They hadn't touched alcohol in over a week. This wasn't a pattern. Felix wasn't asking to disappear, he was asking to stay, just a little softer around the edges. Right?

But then again, having a drink tonight could start the pattern of avoidance and addiction.

Or maybe Chan was just overthinking again.

Escaping reality wasn't always dangerous. sometimes it was just... a pause.

Chan's fingers resumed their gentle motion through felix's hair before asking quietly.

"White or red?"

Chapter 25: Dream

Chapter Notes

i don't know if i've said this before or not, but this story will 100% end in hyunlix. so please stop asking me to change the tags to "chanlix" or "felix ends up with someone else" 💔

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Jisung's eyes snapped open.

Heat. Too much heat. His skin was damp, sheets clinging to him, his chest heaving like he'd just run for his life. His heart was slamming so hard it felt like it might crack his ribs from the inside. Every breath burned.

He was... lying down?

That realisation hit him wrong.

His body jolted upward halfway, elbows digging into the mattress as his head whipped around. The room spun violently. His vision stung—raw, swollen, like he'd been crying for hours. His eyelids felt heavy, sore. Everything felt wrong. And yet—

Familiar.

He scrubbed his face with shaking hands and forced his eyes open again. The ceiling came into focus. The dim outline of the wardrobe. The curtain. The faint glow from the streetlight outside.

He was in a bedroom.

His bedroom.

His head snapped to the other side of the bed.

Minho.

Asleep. Peaceful. Hair messy against the pillow, bare shoulder peeking out from under the blanket. Completely naked. Completely real.

Jisung's gaze dropped.

He was naked too.

Cold flooded his stomach.

What the fuck.

His heart raced faster, panic clawing up his throat. The steady hum of the air conditioner suddenly sounded deafening, like it was drilling straight into his skull. His hands trembled as he pressed them into the mattress, grounding himself, trying to make sense of anything.

Nothing was lining up.

Nothing.

He rolled onto his side abruptly and slapped the lamp on. Warm yellow light flooded the room—and his breath caught painfully in his chest.

An open condom wrapper. Lube. Carelessly set beside the lamp.

His brows drew together so tightly it hurt. He scanned the room again, sharper now. Clothes on the floor. Minho's sweats discarded near the bed. His own shirt nowhere in sight.

Memory should've followed. It didn't.

A hollow sick dread settled in his gut.

Was that... a dream?

No.

No way.

Dreams didn't leave your body aching like this. Didn't leave sweat cooling on your skin. Didn't leave evidence.

It felt real. Too real.

It was real. Wasn't it?

He lunged for the sweats on the floor, hands clumsy, nearly tripping as he shoved his legs through them and tugged them up with shaking fingers. His phone sat on the edge of the nightstand—he grabbed it like it might anchor him to reality.

4:02 AM.

Notifications lit the screen.

4 messages from Chris
2 messages from Felix
1 message from Seo

His chest tightened.

Then—

A soft sound behind him. A low sleepy grumble.

“Mm... sungie?”

Jisung spun around so fast his neck twinged.

Minho was awake now, propped slightly on one elbow, eyes still half-lidded with sleep, confusion softening his features.

“Min—w-w-h—you-i-i—how—” The words tangled and died in Jisung’s throat. His mouth opened and closed uselessly, breath coming out uneven.

Minho frowned faintly, concern bleeding into his expression. “What’s wrong jagi?” he asked gently, rubbing at his eyes. “what’s all the noise?”

Jisung dragged in a sharp breath, then another. His hands clenched into fists at his sides, knuckles whitening. His head was buzzing. His chest hurt.

“I thought I was—” He cut himself off, swallowing hard. “Where—I—how am I—fuck.”

He squeezed his eyes shut for half a second, forcing himself to slow down before he completely unraveled. When he opened them again, he looked straight at Minho. Really looked at him.

Grounded himself there.

“Minho,” Jisung said, voice hoarse, barely steady.

Minho hummed softly, waiting.

“What happened last night?”

What really happened last night:

“Sorry but they are unfortunately asleep at the moment,” the nurse said gently, hands folded in front of her. “And given everything that happened today they’re still extremely traumatised. They’ll need at least a full day of rest. I’m afraid questioning will have to wait.”

Jisung let out a rough breath through his nose, thumb pressing hard against his forehead like he could physically push the headache away. His skull felt too tight, like it was being crushed from the inside.

Changbin, on the other hand, smiled—polite, composed. “Well then, thank you for your time. please notify our station immediately if anything unusual happens. otherwise, we’ll return tomorrow after lunch.”

The nurse smiled back. “Of course.”

They exchanged brief, respectful nods before Changbin turned on his heel, Jisung following a step behind as they headed down the long fluorescent lit hallway.

“So that’s that for now,” Changbin began, hands slipping into his coat pockets. “By tomorrow we should head to the traffic management centres, pull cctv from—”

“We can dump that on the rookies,” Jisung cut in sharply, his voice strained. He rubbed at his temples again, nails digging in a little too hard. “What we need to be doing is figuring out hyunjin’s next move. He probably won’t just disappear after something like this. We need to—fuck, where are the bubblers in this place?”

He stopped abruptly, swaying slightly as a sharp spike of pain shot through his head, bright and blinding.

“All the way down,” Changbin said, slowing. His tone was flat, but his eyes flicked over Jisung with something closer to scrutiny now. “You need to sit. You look like you’re about to pass out.”

“No, we don’t have time to—” Jisung started, waving him off.

Then his knees buckled.

It wasn’t dramatic—just sudden. His balance slipped out from under him, his foot catching awkwardly as he barely managed to steady himself against the wall.

Changbin stopped dead. “Dude. Sit down.”

“For fuck’s sake,” Jisung muttered under his breath, pressing the heel of his palm into his forehead. The world felt fuzzy at the edges, like he was underwater. He was exhausted. Beyond exhausted. Pissed, wired, dizzy—his body felt wrong, like it was running purely on chemicals and stubbornness.

More than ten pills in the last twenty-four hours.
Lithium. modafinil. painkillers.
And it still wasn’t enough.

With a frustrated sigh, he finally gave in and dropped into one of the plastic chairs lining the hallway, the row stretching endlessly in both directions. He leaned forward, elbows on his knees, head hanging low for a moment as the hospital lights hummed overhead.

“You should go home,” changbin said casually, his tone deceptively light as he strolled toward the vending machine just a few meters away.

“I’m fine. Just a little tired,” jisung replied instantly, clearing his throat with a sharp, irritated rasp.

Changbin chuckled, pressing the buttons on the vending machine before sliding his card against the payment sensor. “A little? Yeah sure keep telling yourself that,” he teased, smirking without looking at jisung.

“I just need to go back to my office, take some painkillers, then I’ll be fine. It’s not a big deal,” Jisung tried again, but a sudden jolt of pain made him shrill involuntarily, his hand flying to his temple.

“You can’t work properly like this,” Changbin said as he walked over holding a bottle of water. He extended it toward jisung, who instinctively reached for it. “You have an unresolved argument with your husband. You haven’t slept. You’re stressing the fuck out. You’re breathing heavily. You’re agitated. And the list goes on.”

Jisung looked up, meeting changbin’s unwavering gaze. The unspoken expectation was clear: the only acceptable response was ‘okay i’ll go home.’

He opened his mouth to argue, but his phone buzzed in his pocket. He fumbled it out, heart skipping a beat when he saw the message.

Minho:
please come home.

Jisung's throat tightened.

"You should go. Resolve things, get some real sleep, and come back tomorrow," Changbin continued as he leaned slightly on the chair beside jisung. "I'll let you know if anything happens."

Internally, Jisung groaned, the weight of exhaustion pressing down harder than ever.

"And avoiding him will only make it worse for both of you, by the way," Changbin added casually, not noticing how close he was to earning a fist to the face.

No. Deep breaths.
He's right. Avoiding him will only make it worse.

Jisung inhaled slowly, holding it for a moment before letting out a heavy exhale. "Fine. But you notify me the second anything happens, okay?"

Chapter End Notes

if you guys are confused then dw, you'll understand more in the next chapters

also i have some not very good news that i need to tell u next chapter ;-;

Chapter 26: Don't leave me

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Continuation of last night:

The doorknob finally twisted after the third failed attempt. Jisung huffed under his breath, jaw tightening as he bit the inside of his lip hard enough to sting. His hands were shaking. fatigue, stress, the lingering ache behind his eyes.

He stepped inside, and the apartment swallowed him whole. Cool air wrapped around his skin. The lights were off, save for a faint glow leaking from the side of the hallway—from the bedroom. Their bedroom.

Minho was supposed to be back by now. The inspection was over—predictably, they'd found nothing. The house was declared clear.

Jisung hadn't wanted either of them to step foot back into a place Hyunjin had once occupied. the walls still felt wrong.

But Minho had made himself painfully clear: if jisung was going to make a reckless decision, then he would too. whether it was reckless at all was still up for debate.

How long had it been since he'd been home? Two days? Three? Seven?

The thought slipped away as quickly as it came.

The door shut quietly behind him. The only sounds were his own—his jacket sliding off his shoulders, the soft thud as he tossed it onto the shoe rack. He was too exhausted to care where it landed.

His keys slipped from his fingers and clattered onto the floor. He didn't bend to pick them up.

Instead, he froze.

A sound. Soft.

A sniffle.

Jisung's head snapped to the side. His body straightened instinctively, senses sharpening despite the exhaustion fogging his brain. Another snuffle followed—thicker this time, wet.

His chest tightened.

He cleared his throat quietly, then took a cautious step forward. Then another.

“...honey?” he called, voice careful.

As he reached the corner and peeked into the dining area, his shoulders dropped. The fight drained out of him all at once.

Minho sat at the dining table, barely lit by the faint spill of hallway light. A bottle rested loosely in his hand. A glass lay tipped on its side, abandoned, a thin ring of liquid drying on the wood.

Minho. Drunk. Crying.

Of course he was.

Jisung swallowed hard. Guilt punched him in the chest. Maybe drinking wasn't the best idea but jisung had no room to judge. Not tonight. Not ever, really.

He reached for the light switch, clicking it on. The dim hallway light cast just enough glow into the living room to make Minho fully visible. Red eyes. Wet lashes. Shoulders stiff with held-back emotion.

“Honey,” Jisung said again, softer now. He didn't move closer. Didn't know if he was allowed to. “...I'm back.”

Minho inhaled sharply, the sound hitching on the way in. He didn't look at Jisung. Seconds passed. Long ones. Heavy ones.

Then Minho turned his head slightly, gaze fixed anywhere but jisung. His voice came out rough, tired—stripped of anger, stripped of warmth.

“I'm not going to lecture you,” Minho said quietly.

And somehow, that hurt more than if he had.

Jisung finally forced himself to move.

Minho didn't look up. He just wiped at his nose again before lifting

the bottle back to his lips.

Nothing was said. Not until Jisung reached the table and stopped in front of him, standing there with his shoulders slumped, eyes lowered—small, apologetic.

“I’m sorry, but i have t—”

“Please don’t,” Minho cut in immediately, sharper than his earlier calm. His breath wobbled on the exhale. “I don’t want to hear your excuses, jisung.”

Jisung paused.

“I can’t lose you,” Minho continued, voice cracking despite his effort to keep it steady. “so stop expecting me to be okay with that.”

Minho was hurt. Not annoyed. Not angry. And Jisung knew that this was his fault.

He exhaled slowly, eyes dropping to the wine bottle clenched in Minho’s fingers. Expensive. Dark glass. More than half gone.

Jisung didn’t argue. Didn’t explain.

Instead, he reached into his pocket and pulled out a small, cylindrical container. Plastic. Rattling softly. He’d stopped by his office on the way home—muscle memory more than intention—and grabbed his meds. Modafinil.

He popped the lid, tipped a pill into his palm, and placed it on his tongue. Then before Minho could react he gently but firmly took the wine bottle from his hand and brought it to his own lips, swallowing the pill down with a mouthful of alcohol.

The pill felt bigger than usual. Stuck for half a second longer than it should have. He ignored it. Stress did weird things.

Minho stared at him now. Finally.

“What do you want me to do,” Minho asked quietly, “when you go missing again?”

“I’m not—” Jisung started.

“It was luck,” Minho interrupted, the words spilling faster now, panic bleeding through the cracks. “Pure luck that you got out. What if you

don't get lucky next time? That bastard is going to be more prepared. You know that."

Minho's voice shook.

"What am I supposed to do, jisung? Just sit here and wait? Are you really telling me I'm supposed to be okay with you disappearing?"

His breath hitched.

"What if he actually does something this time? What if he kills you?"

The last part came out broken. Bare.

"Do you just not care about your life?" Minho whispered. "What about mine?"

"He's not going to touch you. I won't let him," Jisung said quickly, the words tumbling out like he could physically block the thought if he said them fast enough.

Minho let out a sharp broken laugh that held no humor at all.

"For God's sake. I don't care about my life," Minho snapped, eyes finally lifting. Red. Glassy. Furious and terrified all at once. "It's you. I care about you."

He stood abruptly, chair scraping against the floor. "If you cared about my life you'd do everything you could to stay beside me. Not dive headfirst into hell and call it your job."

Jisung's throat tightened.

"Do you remember what you told me at our wedding?" Minho pressed on, barely stopping to breathe. "Your vows. Do you remember them, jisung?"

Silence.

"You said I would never be a choice. That you'd never lie to me. That it would be us. Always. Till death do us part."

He paused, chest rising and falling unevenly as he fought to steady himself.

"You already broke the first two," minho whispered. "the least you could do is keep the last."

Each word drilled into Jisung's skull like a nail.

He had nothing. No defense. No counterargument that wasn't just another excuse wearing a different face. Minho wasn't partially right—he was completely right.

Jisung had been reckless. He'd been distant. He'd lied by omission and called it protection. And standing here now, he felt every inch of it.

Slowly, carefully, he pulled out a chair and sat beside Minho. Close—but not touching. Not yet. His hands rested uselessly in his lap as he waited for Minho to stop looking anywhere but at him.

"I love you," Jisung said quietly. "I really do. and i meant every word i said that day."

Minho didn't respond.

"Please," Jisung continued, "Please stop thinking you don't matter to me. You're the only thing that does."

He turned toward Minho fully now. Desperate. Open.

"I swear on everything I have—I will catch him this time. I won't do anything alone. I have a team. There are more than ten units on this case now. I'm not walking into this blind anymore."

His voice dropped. Softer.

"I'm not alone this time, and I will never choose this over you. So please, stay on my side."

Minho slowly sank back into his chair. Not properly—just collapsed into it. His shoulders slumped, elbows hitting the table as he leaned forward and buried his face in his hands, fingers pressing into his temples like he was holding himself together by force alone.

"You can't guarantee it," he said quietly. not angry. just exhausted. "You can't guarantee the future. You can't guarantee what he's capable of now."

Jisung stayed still, listening.

"He came back from the dead," Minho continued, voice hollow. "What makes you think a zombie can die twice? Or be caught again?"

He laughed under his breath again, broken and bitter.

“It took years last time. Four blood-soaked years. It took me thinking you were never coming back.” His hands tightened against his face. “It took you being in a wheelchair for a month. It took a year of therapy just so you wouldn’t flinch every time a door slammed.”

Minho’s voice cracked.

“And this time? This time I might not even get a day. Because you might never come back.”

He finally lifted his head, eyes red, shining.

“I can’t—” His breath hitched. “I just can’t do that again.”

His bottom lip trembled as he spoke, every word shaking loose.

“I don’t want death to do us apart,” Minho said. “I want to be with you in death. Let us grow old. Let us die together. Don’t make me spend fifty years dropping flowers at your grave.”

Jisung felt his chest cave in.

“If you go missing,” Minho went on, voice barely holding together, “if you never come back—I could never live with myself knowing I let it happen. Again. That I wasn’t strong enough to stop you.”

His gaze locked onto Jisung now, desperate.

“Please,” Minho begged. “Don’t do this to me. don’t make my heart race every single day until you come home.”

He swallowed hard.

“Let someone else do it,” he said, shaking his head. “There are thousands of brilliant detectives in this world. Let them handle it. I don’t care if it takes them twenty years—as long as you come home alive.”

His voice dropped to a whisper.

“Don’t leave me. Please.”

Chapter End Notes

so the bad news isn't that bad

but in 6 days, i'm going to china for a mini holiday so for 3 weeks

i won't be active.

i'll try to post as many chapters i can within these 6 days.

tho i'll try my best to post a few chapters during those 3 weeks :p

Chapter 27: Chance

Chapter Notes

⚠️ Content warning ⚠️
chapter contains: sexual themes

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Continuation of last night:

“It’s not leaving. I’m still here. I’ll always be here. I’ll always be with you.” Jisung said, desperate to make minho believe him.

Minho inhaled sharply, eyes glistening, like jisung’s words couldn’t reach him.

“Can we be realistic for a moment, jisung?” he whispered, voice breaking. “Luck isn’t always on our side. He gets you again and you’re gone. forever. this isn’t a movie. this is real. it’s life.”

“He’s not going to get me,” Jisung insisted, his hands tightening slightly. “I told you—I’m not alone this time. The only reason he got me before was because I was dismissed. Chief won’t make that mistake again.”

Minho shook his head, a lump rising in his throat, making his words ragged. “There’s still a chance, sung. There’s always a chance. I don’t care how small—zero point one percent even. If that chance means I could lose you forever, I’m not taking it.”

Before Jisung could respond, Minho broke. A soft, choked sob tore out of him. He covered his mouth with his palm, tears sliding down his cheeks. “I can’t lose you, jisung. not again. not ever.”

Jisung’s chest clenched so hard it hurt. He couldn’t hold back. He stood up quickly, closing the distance between them. Hands cupped Minho’s face, thumbs brushing the tears away, and he pressed a firm desperate kiss to his lips.

Minho froze for the briefest moment, then melted into the kiss, their noses nearly touching as Jisung pulled back just slightly, enough to breathe.

“You’re not losing me, min. you never will. i’ll always be by your side. i just need you to be on mine.” Jisung whispered, eyes locked with minho’s.

Silence hung between them for a heartbeat. Minho’s gaze flicked down to Jisung’s lips, then back to his eyes.

Then, suddenly, Minho snapped, hands palming the sides of Jisung’s face, pulling him into a desperate urgent kiss. Jisung kissed back without hesitation. Minho surged forward, nearly toppling the chair behind him as he pressed against jisung.

Jisung wrapped his arms tightly around Minho’s neck, deepening the kiss. Minho’s tongue traced eagerly over Jisung’s, tasting the lingering notes of wine. One hand gripped Jisung’s waist, pulling him closer while the other slid into his hair, tangling fingers in the strands as if to make him stay.

The kiss deepened with every passing second, tongues pressing together with an urgency that bordered on feral as if they were starving for each other’s presence.

Their desperation was different, yet perfectly aligned.

Minho’s was raw, jagged—an unspoken plea to keep him close, to never let him go again. Every touch, every movement of his hands screamed: I can’t lose you. I won’t survive losing you.

Jisung’s desperation was steadier, fiercer in its own way. It was a vow made tangible, a promise of return. Even if he plunged into hell, he’d claw his way back to Minho, always, because he meant it. He wouldn’t leave. He just needed minho to feel that certainty, to trust that no darkness could keep him away.

Minho’s hands roamed over jisung’s back, memorising the feel of him, while jisung’s slid down minho’s torso, fingers brushing against the hem of his shirt, grazing the warmth beneath.

Minho broke the kiss for a moment, pulling back just enough to look at Jisung’s breathless face. His eyes traced every line, every curve, memorising the man he adored—the man he had devoted his life to protecting, to healing, to loving. the man he couldn’t afford to lose, whose life he’d willingly put above his own.

And then without a word minho pulled him back in just as fast, mouth descending to Jisung’s neck. Licking, nipping, biting—feeling Jisung

shudder and arch into him, pressing closer as if the world outside didn't exist.

Jisung's hands tightened on minho's waist, pulling him impossibly closer, matching his intensity.

Minho pressed closer, crowding jisung back until the edge of the table dug into his lower spine, both of them barely steady on their feet.

Jisung's breathing turned uneven, words breaking apart as minho's mouth lingered at his neck.

"Min, bed, please," he managed, voice barely more than a plea.

Minho didn't hesitate. He slid an arm beneath jisung's thigh and lifted him with ease. jisung gasped softly, legs instinctively wrapping around minho's waist, holding on tight.

Without breaking stride minho carried them down the dim hallway, the soft glow from the bedroom spilling out to meet them.

It took less than a minute for minho to reach the bedroom. The door was half-closed, a thin line of warm gold spilling out into the hall. He nudged it open with his foot, the soft glow of the bedside lamp washing over them as he stepped inside.

Within seconds though minho reached the bed, setting jsung down with a careful yet impatient motion. before jisung could catch his breath, minho was back pressing their lips together in a hungry kiss.

Jisung's hands immediately gripped Minho's collar, tugging him closer, their bodies flush with heat and desire. the exhaustion that had weighed him down mere moments ago was forgotten, replaced by a desperate need.

Their lips moved in perfect sync, a dance of arousal. Minho's right arm planted firmly on the bed beside jisung's head, anchoring him, while his left slid down, fingers deftly reaching the belt at jisung's waist.

jisung's legs instinctively parted, responding to minho's touch. The movement made it effortless for minho to undo his pants with one hand.

Before Minho could finish undoing the zipper, jisung's hands were already tugging insistently at the hem of minho's shirt, fingers bunching the fabric as he pulled it up and over his head. Minho barely

hesitated—he helped it along, yanking it free and tossing it somewhere onto the floor without a second thought.

Skin met skin, warm and familiar, and jisung inhaled sharply at the contact. His hands moved on instinct, already working at the buttons of his own uniform, movements clumsy but desperate. minho pulled him closer, closing whatever space remained between them.

His hands slid down again, finishing what he'd started as he eased jisung out of his uniform, fabric whispering against skin as it was pushed away. jisung let out another shaky breath, fingers curling into minho's shoulders.

“Min, condoms,” jisung breathed out, pressing against minho's chest.

Minho didn't wait another second before pulling back, leaning over toward the night stand and pulling out a single sachet of condom and a bottle of lube before he returned.

Chapter End Notes

hello i'm back.

guess what

i have fucking school but fuck fucking school fuckass fucking school fucking fuckass pieces of lifeless brick like fuck

i don't like school save me

i'll still update because i'm interested in this plot myself. but still. dont have high expectations.

also yes surprise surprise i'm young enough to be going to school but what if i'm like 26 but going to school because i keep failing and writing is the only thing im good at

fuck maths fuck history fuck english fuck pe and oh especially fuck science fucking fucker of all fuckers

also quick question.

do you want a full minsung sex scene?

a) nah

b) fuh yeah

c) idc i just want hyunlix

Chapter 28: They did

Chapter Notes

⚠️ Content warning ⚠️

chapter contains: (one-sided) drunk sex, sexual themes

-

fun fact about me since no one asked:

i didn't go to school at all this year. (which hopefully explains why i have such heavy emotions toward that hell house)

i also didn't go for half the year when i was in 6th grade too.

!!📌 authors recommendation: listen to Sour Switchblade (by Elita) while reading this chapter.

also this chapter is two different scenes that are happening at the same time but in different places. no connection. or maybe there is....

i hope not many get confused while reading, otherwise please complain and i'll explain :))

-

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

*“Dance,” Mr. H smiled.
They did.*

*They moved when he told them to—feet following rhythm that wasn’t music,
bodies swaying because obedience had already settled into their bones.*

—

Jisung gasped, the sound breaking loose from his chest. Minho’s fingers were laced with his, grip tight, grounding, as their bodies moved together in a heated, breathless closeness that blurred everything else away.

"Clap," Mr. H said, calm as ever.

They did.

Hands came together on command, sharp and hollow, the sound echoing louder than it should have.

Minho's mouth traced along Jisung's neck, leaving marks that would bloom later. jisung shuddered, a soft sound caught between a wince and a plea.

"Sit," Mr. H commanded.

They did.

Spines straight. Eyes forward. Stillness forced where instinct wanted to flee.

"Don't leave," Minho whispered, words breaking like a confession pressed into skin.

"Smile," Mr. H said.

They did.

Lips curved upward, wrong and empty, muscles obeying even as something inside screamed.

"I'm not going," jisung breathed, sweat slick bodies pressed close, every movement desperate, clinging.

"Look up," Mr. h said.

They did.

Their gazes lifted, meeting something they couldn't name and didn't want to understand.

Minho buried his face against jisung's shoulder, holding him like an anchor as everything tightened, coiled, edged toward breaking.

—
“Stand up,” Mr. H smiled.

They did.

They rose together, as if strings pulled them upright.

—
“I’m gonna cum,” minho groaned softly, voice breaking as the tension finally snapped loose.

—
“Close your eyes,” Mr. H commanded, voice still smooth, still kind.

They did.

Darkness fell behind their lids.

—
“I’m close,” Jisung whispered, breath trembling, the world narrowing to sensation and the man holding him.

—
“Now,” Mr. H said.

—
Jisung and Minho’s fingers tightened together, knuckles white, bodies shuddering as they fell apart and back together all at once.

—
“Kill,” Mr. H added.

They did.

They killed.

-

Felix slammed the wine glass onto the coffee table a little too hard, liquid sloshing dangerously close to the rim.

“Are you fucking with me right now?” he blurted. “You never told me this??”

“Baby-okay-hey-calm down,” Chan said immediately, reaching out and gently holding Felix by the shoulders before he could knock over the bowl of chips. “It was a long time ago. Not relevant anymore.”

“It is very relevant,” Felix shot back, voice climbing, eyes bright and unfocused in that drunk but excited way. “You’re telling me my boyfriend used to be an underground singer and produced his own music and just... forgot to mention that?”

He stabbed a finger into the air for emphasis, nearly losing his balance in the process.

Chan laughed under his breath. “I didn’t forget. I just—didn’t think it mattered.”

They were sprawled across the couch, knees touching, the living room dim and cozy. The coffee table was a mess—too many snacks, cold cup noodles, crumbs everywhere, two wine bottles—one almost empty—and their glasses sitting dangerously close to the edge.

Felix was on his fourth glass. Chan was responsibly tipsy on his second.

“I was a delusional teenager,” Chan continued, shrugging. “Didn’t even finish high school before I gave up on that dream. Life happened.”

Felix’s anger melted almost instantly into awe. “Still,” he said softly, eyes wide. “You could’ve been. who knows? and honestly if you ever felt like blessing my ears with your ‘before life happened’ voice, I would not complain.”

Chan’s fingers twitched at that, a sharp inhale slipping past his lips before he could stop it.

Felix noticed.

Chan cleared his throat. “Yeah, well. Those downloaded files are probably long gone. Somewhere back in sydney. Near home. If they even still exist.”

Felix went quiet.

Too quiet.

“...What if we go?” he said suddenly.

Chan turned his head, brows lifting. “Go where?”

“Sydney,” Felix said easily, scooting closer until their thighs pressed together. “Australia. Home. Why not?”

Chan clicked his tongue, letting out a short, disbelieving laugh. “Sydney? Seriously? You do remember it’s hot as hell there, right? And you’ve said—multiple times—that you hate summer.”

Felix groaned dramatically. “Ugh, right. Okay fine. Fuck that then.” He waved a hand before leaning back in, expression turning softer. “But still. Let’s go somewhere. We’ve been stuck here forever. You wanna stay cooped up inside for—who knows—a year or more?”

Chan sighed, lacing his fingers with Felix’s. “Don’t say that. It’ll be over before you know it. Your hair won’t even grow another centimeter.”

Then, quieter, more thoughtful, Chan opened his mouth again. “But... yeah. a holiday doesn’t sound bad.”

Felix’s lips curled into a smirk. He leaned closer, voice dropping playfully. “If we did go... where would you wanna go?”

His hand slid lazily over Chan’s thigh, fingers absentmindedly fidgeting with the drawstrings of his sweats.

Chan hummed, pulling Felix closer with an arm around his shoulders. “So definitely Australia. Turkey. Japan. Maybe Dubai. Italy for sure. those are the big ones.” He glanced down at Felix. “What about you?”

Felix tilted his head back, staring at the ceiling like he was weighing his options. “Also Japan. France. Switzerland, and Norway.”

Chan gasped softly. “No Australia? Wow. Betrayal.”

Felix laughed and smacked his knee. “Be serious. Australia’s a default. obviously.”

He leaned forward to grab his wine glass again, grinning to himself as Chan shook his head, smiling in that fond, helpless way that said he was already imagining it—planes, hotels, new places.

Felix picked his and Chan's glass from the table, leaned back, and handed Chan his before taking a slow sip from his own. He let out a heavy exhale, pressing a hand against his bloated stomach. "I shouldn't have had strawberry milk before the noodles," he muttered, voice tired but slightly whiny.

Chan yawned, stretching one arm over the couch. "You should be more concerned about having wine with a full box of chocolates. Alcohol and processed sugar? Yikes."

"Well, today's an exception," Felix said, shamelessly grabbing the few last chocolate pieces from the table before unwrapping one and popping it in his mouth. "We can exercise later to get rid of the fat."

"First of all, it doesn't work that easily. Second, you refuse to use the treadmill for some reason. So my idea for physical exercise is sex," Chan pointed out, voice more factual than teasing.

"Actually, why don't you use the treadmill?" he added, ignoring the faint pink creeping across Felix's cheeks—as if the wine hadn't done it already.

"I don't know... it's just ridiculous. walking inside on a machine? It just sounds wrong," Felix sighed, fingers absently fiddling with Chan's drawstrings again, the tiny nervous motion betraying his tipsy bravado.

Chan hummed thoughtfully, leaning back, arm coming around Felix's shoulder to pull him closer in a comfortable way. "What if I buy you a gym ball? Something else to bounce on when I'm not there?"

Felix slapped him hard on the thigh. "I swear to god Chris." he muttered, earning a snigger from him.

"And while we're on the topic," Felix continued, voice lowering, imbued with a mix of embarrassment and defiance, "I'm never riding you again because every single time I do, you're the one pounding me. Me being on top is supposed to mean I'm in control, not you."

"I only do that in the end when I'm finishing though," Chan said with a mini defenceless shrug.

"Yeah well you take the whole time I'm up there to finish," Felix grumbled.

Chapter End Notes

i was gonna make a full minsung sex scene buttt idk i was terrorised with creativity and stupidity.

also, do you want a mini spoiler?

(a) no, because i am a patient human being and can wait like a good girl to read how the story unfolds when the time comes

(b) yes, because i'm an impatient bich

(c) yes, but only if it's about hyunlix otherwise idgaf

Chapter 29: Trust

Chapter Notes

mini spoiler:

Mrs. H isn't Mr. H's wife.

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Jisung rubbed his head hard, palm pressed against his eyes as if he could physically push the exhaustion back out of his skull.

He'd already taken a long fifteen minute hot shower—hot enough to leave his skin faintly pink, hot enough to make his thoughts go quiet for a moment—but it hadn't helped the way he hoped it would. Now he sat at the dining table, slowly eating the breakfast minho had prepared for him. eggs, toast, fruit, loving.

And yet his body felt wrong. Overstimulated, roused, but still bone deep tired at the same time.

It was 10 a.m.

Earlier, while his hair was still damp and the bathroom mirror fogged over, he'd checked his phone.

He could still see the messages burned into his head.

-

Chris:

Hey, sorry to bother. How are you?

I wanted to ask something personal since my therapist doesn't know Felix as well as you do lol

I wanted to ask if letting Lix drink during times of distress is a good idea?

Hope you're doing well.

-

Felix:

hi :(sorry for not seeing u last time
whenever ur not busy come over? miss u

-

Seo:

No emergency so far, though I have found some information that could be helpful to the case. Feel free to take a longer break if needed.

-

He probably did need a longer break. He knew that. His body knew that. Minho definitely knew that.

But he wasn't going to take one.

He would, however, be more careful with his sleep. Or at least he told himself that.

He'd already replied to Chan. Told him it was probably fine for Felix to have a drink--just for tonight. As long as it didn't turn into a pattern. As long as Felix didn't start believing that alcohol was the thing that made the pain bearable, or that it was okay to drown the dread and the truth instead of sitting with it.

The thought dragged memories up with it.

Back in high school, Felix had always hated wine. Said it was too bitter and too sharp. He'd only ever drunk because being drunk felt good. He used to pinch his nose shut and drink, convinced it helped with the bitterness.

Somehow it did.

Jisung, on the other hand, had always liked bitter things. Not 'zero sugar coffee bitter'---but somewhere in between. That specific kind that didn't really taste like a flavour at all. more like a sensation. the way your tongue shriveled slightly and dried out.

At seventeen—he wouldn't call it 'addiction'—but he'd picked up smoking. A habit born from stress, nights that never felt quiet, thoughts that never slowed down.

It only stopped when he met Minho at twenty.

Minho who noticed everything. Minho who stayed. Minho who helped him quit without ever making him feel weak for starting in the first place.

Before Jsung could sink any deeper into the past, he felt a presence shift beside him.

Minho sat down at the table, placing his own plate of eggs beside jisung's. He took the seat across from him at first, then scooted closer, settling on the edge beside him instead.

"How you feeling?" Minho asked, voice still soft from sleep.

Jisung straightened a little, forcing himself back into the present. "Fine," he said, then added, "You?"

"Better," Minho replied.

And somehow, just that—his tone, his warmth, the way he was here—made jisung's shoulders relax without him meaning to.

Neither of them spoke for a while, but the silence wasn't uncomfortable or awkward. Then Minho spoke.

"You woke up overheated this morning," he said. Not accusing.

Jisung exhaled, long and slow. "I know."

"You're taking a lot of non-prescribed medicine," Minho continued. His full attention settled on Jisung now, gaze careful, threaded with concern instead of judgment.

"I know," Jisung said again, his voice smaller this time.

Minho reached out suddenly, taking Jisung's hand in his. Firm and grounding.

"Sung," he said quietly, "I love you. and i care about you. i really really care about you."

Guilt already curled tight in jisung's chest. He squeezed Minho's hand

back instinctively. “Min, please—”

Minho shook his head, cutting him off gently but decisively. “I know you’re not going to listen to me. And that itself makes me really upset.” He swallowed. “But I trust you.”

Jisung looked at him.

“I trust you because I vowed I would,” Minho went on, voice steady but thin at the edges. “And I’m not going to break my vows. You’ve lied to me before—more than once—so I’m asking you for something instead.”

His grip tightened just slightly.

“This time, I’ll trust you. Which means you don’t get to lie. And you don’t get to hide things from me. I’m putting all my trust on you.” His voice wobbled despite his effort to keep it even. “You promise me you won’t let anything happen to you—and I trust you. I trust that you come back home every night safe.”

Jisung’s throat burned.

“I love you so much, jisung,” minho said, the words heavy and bare. “I’m still really against you being on that case. My heart will still race every second you’re not in my sight. It already feels like I’m offering you up to death. I feel insane for letting you do this—i’m letting you, but i can’t control you—”

He let out a shaky breath.

“and I don’t want to control you.” Minho continued.

His hands tightened around Jisung’s again, like he was afraid he might slip away if he didn’t hold.

“If anything happens to you—if you get hurt, if it ever becomes too much—you don’t have to prove anything. you don’t have to push through it. That doesn’t mean you were wrong. Or weak.” His voice softened. “It is too much. It should feel like too much.”

Minho leaned closer.

“And when it does, come to me. Just come back. Just stay with me.”

Chapter End Notes

so i realised something.

these chapters must be boring to read. i need to start working on adding more drama.

i swear, i have so much drama planned for this fic, but right now all these chapters are just boring shit.

if i was a reader i'd be complaining. why did no one tell me.

READERS. PLS DO NOT FEEL SHY OR "who am i to talk" IF THE CHAPTERS ARE GETTING BORING.

i'd appreciate feedback. pls guys. scold me.

i'll try to figure something out to make the chapters more spicy/thrilling instead of "wah wah i love you don't go"

-

also, who do you think Mrs. H is?

- (a) Mr. H's ex wife
- (b) Mr. H's mom
- (c) Felix
- (d) Other

next chapter coming in a few minutes >:]]]

Chapter 30: Stimulated

Chapter Notes

so because i'm not gonna be a trauma dumping bitch, i'll just say some issues got in the way of me posting "in a few minutes"

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

10:21 a.m.

Seungmin was making breakfast.

Nothing fancy. Nothing impressive. Though considering the fact that the only thing he'd really 'cooked' since being locked inside his own home was two-minute noodles, this already counted as ambitious.

Jeongin was in the shower.

The sound of running water drifted down the hallway as seungmin stood in the kitchen, lining things up almost carefully. Sandwiches. Cheese, greens, seasoning, the grill—basic shit.

Jisung had messaged earlier, asking if they were free today. If not, they could all head over to Felix's and have some stress-relieving fun.

Games, movies, snacks, memories?

Jeongin had already immediately replied yes.

And as much as Seungmin wanted to stay lazy, it didn't actually sound bad. He wouldn't deny it. He missed it. Them. All of them. The group.

Like before.

Not 'once upon a time' old. Just... six years ago. 2020.

Back when Seungmin first started working at the café—wiping tables, refilling coffees—side by side with jeongin and felix. They'd talk nonstop during shifts, so much that customers actually complained.

Or when jisung would come in and take over the espresso machine because no one knew how to make it right. After a while, he'd start making two cups instead of one. Felix never let him leave until he confessed who the second one was for.

When felix dragged seungmin and jeongin along to stalk the “cat daddy” jisung was seeing, just to decide whether he was worthy of him.

When jisung gave dating advice to jeongin and felix gave dating advice to seungmin.

The memories softened something in seungmin’s face without him realising.

They’d been crushing hard on each other back then.

Seungmin had been good at hiding it. jeongin—absolutely not.

Jeongin would stammer every time seungmin said something simple like, “you look good today,” or “your hair’s nice.”

Even insults did it.

“Your shoes have bird shit on them.” he said once.
Jeongin flushed and went, “...you noticed?”

He remembered their first kiss.

Late shift. Just the two of them. No confession. No build-up. It was messier than romantic.

They’d been talking about Felix. Then about how both Felix and Jisung had boyfriends. Then boyfriends in general. Then relationships. Then breakfast. Then fans. Then the air-conditioning. Then summer.

And somehow—out of nowhere—Jeongin thought it was a good idea to lean in for a kiss while holding a coffee pitcher.

Things got heated. He leaned too far. Tripped over himself.

Fell straight into Seungmin and spilled coffee everywhere.

God. It had been humiliating.

Jeongin had gone red and seungmin remembered thinking it was kind of cute.

After that, they’d started going out.

Dates almost felt pointless. You were supposed to talk about yourself on dates, but Jeongin was a chronic oversharer once he got

comfortable—there was nothing about him seungmin didn't already know. In fact, there were things seungmin understood about him that jeongin hadn't realised himself. Like how jeongin threw himself fully into whatever he loved, never really growing bored of it. Or how when he was stressed he tended to have no sense of limits, like doomscrolling, bingeing, and overdoing things.

Seungmin flipped the sandwich on the grill, the smell filling the kitchen, and let himself linger in memories just a little longer.

Before the shower turned off.

-

11:32 a.m.

Jisung fixed his uniform one last time, ran a hand through his hair, and cleared his throat before stepping out of the car.

This morning... well, after minho's words, neither of them had been able to hold back. A kiss had turned into something more. Jisung ended up bent over the table for a quickie that somehow stretched into thirty minutes, leaving him coming twice—which ended up being what he needed. Even after last night, his body was still fired up.

Abnormal, considering his skin still felt warmer than he'd like, the lingering heat poking at him despite the cool morning air.

Thankfully, it was chilly out today. If the forecast held, snow would start falling in just a few days. And maybe that would help cool him down... though he wasn't counting on it.

-

Jisung stepped into the station, greeted by warm air and something that immediately felt... off.

It was quiet. Too quiet.

The station was big—vast, even—and yet there were barely a dozen officers in sight. A few sat behind computers, another small group chatted while pouring coffee in the makeshift breakfast area, and a lone civilian stood at the front desk, murmuring a report.

Abnormal.

This place was usually packed.

Jisung brushed the unease off, blaming his paranoia, and started toward his office.

The walk to the fourth floor took less than five minutes. He greeted officers along the way, muscle memory guiding him through the halls. By the time he reached his door, his keys were already in his hand. He shoved one into the lock and twisted.

The door swung open.

Cool air washed over him.

Right. Hed left the aircon and fan on.

His office wasn't big, but it wasn't small either. Two trash cans—one overflowing—sat near the corner. A small couch he never used pressed against the wall. His desk was a disaster: laptops, monitors, loose papers, folders stacked on folders. Dim lighting softened the mess, posters and sticky notes plastered everywhere like a mind map gone feral.

He hadn't realised how bad it'd gotten.

Jisung exhaled, a tired puff of air leaving him as he crossed the room and dropped into his chair. He started a half-hearted tidy, shuffling papers into vague piles, already feeling a headache creep in—which was rare. Mess usually didn't bother him.

A knock cut through the room.

Jisung's head snapped up.

Changbin stood in the doorway, one hand shoved into his pocket, the other braced against the frame.

"How'd you sleep?" he asked casually.

"Wonderful," Jsung muttered, eyes already back on his desk as he

continued moving papers around.

Changbin didn't miss a beat. "We're working with pedophiles and abusers."

Jisung froze.

His brows pulled together as the words finally registered. "what?"

"Four, from what I've seen so far," Changbin said, stepping fully inside. his eyes scanned the room. "was your office always this messy?"

"How would you even know that?" Jisung shot back. "We don't hire people with criminal records."

"Yeah. I know." Changbin leaned against jisungs chair, arms crossing. "They've never been explicitly charged. yesterday, one officer came to my office asking a couple dozen questions about hyunjin. dude was shaking—like a nerd asking about the school bully. except this nerd was a pedophile who didn't want to be killed by someone who kills pedophiles."

Jisung looked up.

"Today," Changbin continued, "three more came by. same look. same fear. they quit. probably hiding until hyunjin's caught."

Silence settled.

"I checked their files," changbin added. "two have restraining orders against their exes. another was caught with child porn on his laptop—but the charges were dumped on one of his friends."

Changbin tilted his head slightly.

"Messy system we're in, huh?"

Chapter End Notes

thankfully i got my period and don't have to go to school today, so i'll post next chapter when i can, i'm PLANNING on posting soon but i'm not going to TELL you that i WILL incase i'm being dragged on a pile on feces again

Chapter 31: Dehumanising

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Did you report it?” Jisung asked, not looking up, continuing his tidy.

“Of course not,” Changbin replied easily. “There’s a chance hyunjin might go after them. We keep them under supervision, set a trap.”

Jisung stiffened. “Fuck no. That’s dehumanising.” He shoved a handful of rubbish into the bin harder than necessary.

Changbin gave him a look. The kind that said ‘so?’

“Should I remind you they’re literal pedophiles?” Changbin said flatly. “People who treat children like objects to get off to.”

“Two wrongs don’t make a right,” Jisung muttered, eyes locked on his desk as he straightened a crooked file.

Changbin scoffed. “Well okay missy goody two shoes—weren’t you the one who called Hwang Hyunjin a monster in an interview once?”

“Because he is,” Jisung said without hesitation. “he’s subhuman.”

Changbin tilted his head. “So the man who kills people who abuse children is a monster—but the ones who abuse the children aren’t? Very interesting logic.”

That did it.

“This is exactly how he wants the audience to think,” Jisung snapped, hissing and slamming a file down onto the desk. “He’s killed countless innocent people. Why does nobody ever fucking mention that? Or am I the only one who remembers considering I watched four innocent human beings get mutilated and turned into a fucking smoothie?”

His chest rose sharply as the words spilled out.

“He manipulates the vulnerable. He’s a serial killer. A psychopath. He doesn’t deserve to be called human—and this isn’t about what he deserves. Because he isn’t human.”

Changbin slowly lifted his hands in surrender, voice dropping. “Okay.

I get it. I was just messing with you.”

Jisung let out a sharp breath and rubbed his forehead once. He paused, gathering himself, then spoke.

“You report it to the chief. There’s no solid proof, so nothing’s going to happen anyway—but that gives us grounds to put them under legal supervision. We are not using them as bait.”

Changbin shrugged. “It’s not bait. And it’s not dehumanising. And do you just not care that if those guys got the chance, they’d touch a child?”

Jisung’s jaw tightened.

“I want nothing more than to put a bullet in every pedophile’s head,” he said quietly, voice flat and lethal. “but the moment I do that, I’m no better than Hyunjin. Morally, I’d be equal to him. And I would rather kill myself than let that happen.”

The words landed heavy.

“And i’m talking about the ones who act on their urges,” he continued, “they deserve to be locked up and removed from society. But the law doesn’t work the way it should. So all we can do is hope prison teaches them something.”

Changbin nodded slowly, absorbing it. After a beat, he spoke again.

“You know prison’s one of the most dehumanising places on earth, right?” he said. “Your name becomes a number. Strict rules for everything. Isolation. Treated like excess.”

Before jisung could spit back, changbin raised his hands in defence again, a visible beam on his face. “I’m just saying.”

Jisung didn’t bother responding. He turned back to his desk, movements harsher now, papers shoved into place.

“I’m heading out in a few minutes,” he said, not looking up. “Going to a friend’s place. I won’t be back by tomorrow. Text me if anything happens. I just came in to check in.”

Changbin nodded once. “Good call, detective.” Then his mouth twitched. “Though... you came in just to check in wearing full uniform?”

Jisung let out a low groan, tipping his head back for half a second like he was begging the universe for patience. “Impulsive decision.”

-

1:21 p.m.

“I never knew you were this horrible at preparation,” Felix commented, eyeing the mess with open judgment.

“Baby please,” Chan muttered, voice hovering on the edge of a breakdown. “It’s already taking every bone in my body not to commit arson and set this kitchen on fire.”

Felix scoffed. “I swear it’s not that hard to roll sushi. Move you dramatic ass.” He shooed Chan aside, fixing his hair with his wrists before taking over. The roll Chan had attempted was barely holding together, rice threatening to spill everywhere.

“Felix,” Chan started, hands clasped like he was praying, “my gorgeous ray of sunshine, my future, my reason for waking up, my one and only—I will do anything for you. I will kiss your feet. Just please never make me roll rice again.” he wiped his oily fingers on a cloth, exhaling like he’d survived a battlefield. “Or cut avocados. They’re meant to be eaten with a spoon. pnylly a spoon.”

“I didn’t make you do shit christopher,” felix clicked his tongue. “You were literally begging to help five minutes ago.”

“I didn’t know it was sushi,” Chan shot back.

“What else would I be making with a makisu?” Felix mocked.

“I don’t know—tamagoyaki? Or like... fucking Swiss rolls?” Chan said weakly.

Felix smirked, slow and evil. “Screw that. You couldn’t make Swiss rolls even if your life depended on it. Even if your family was held at gunpoint you’d still somehow burn the kitchen down.”

“Burn the kitchen down? Swiss rolls don’t even require fire!” Chan

protested.

“Exactly.” felix deadpanned.

Chan muttered a curse under his breath—directed at himself though.

“Why even sushi in the first place?” he asked, rubbing his forehead.

“Like I said—nostalgia,” Felix replied, fixing Chan’s lopsided roll with precise fingers.

“Right,” Chan said, wiggling his fingers like quotes, “that place you and the group always went to for breakfast—a sushi spot run by a japanese grandma who would respectfully leave the kitchen before sneezing.”

“Don’t get so whiny just because you’re useless now,” Felix shot back, playful glare in place.

“Okay but you all work in a cafe. shouldn’t coffee be nostalgic? And we have an espresso machine.” Chan pointed toward the sleek black machine in the corner of the counter.

Before felix could argue, the doorbell rang.

Chapter End Notes

in this fic, which pair do u prefer more?

chanlix or hyunlix?

Chapter 32: Trouble

Chapter Notes

△□ Content warning△□

chapter contains: blood & violence, mild mentions of (child) abuse and pedophilia

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

"You want it?" Mr. H hummed softly, crouching down, the key dangling inches from the man's eyes.

The man nodded frantically, chains clinking as his bound wrists lifted toward it like a starving animal reaching for food.

"You really want it? Really, really want it?" Mr. H repeated, voice syrup-sweet.

The nodding grew more desperate. Tears streamed freely now, soaking into the tape stretched across his mouth, his pleas reduced to muffled animal whimpers.

"You want it enough to tell me what you did to her?" Mr. H asked calmly.

The man sobbed harder.

Mr. h moved suddenly.

The man flinched violently, chains rattling loud against the concrete.

"Calm down baby. I'm not going to do anything to you," Mr. h murmured, fingers catching the edge of the tape and peeling it off in one smooth pull.

Air hit raw skin.

"Sir—hwang—please don't kill me," the man choked instantly. "I won't ever touch her again—it was just one time—i was drunk—it was an accident—i—i—i—"

He dissolved into ugly, broken sobs.

"Accident, huh?" Mr. H let out a quiet, humorless chuckle. "Then tell me what you accidentally did to her."

The man collapsed forward, scrambling, gripping at Mr. h's shoes.

"Please—please hwang—don't kill me—I have a family—I have a pregnant wife—"

Mr. H stood slowly, looking down at him. His face was blank. Only his eyes betrayed, whispering in disgust.

"Tell me what you did to her," he said quietly. "and I'll let you go. I promise."

The man's breath hitched. He wiped his face with shaking hands.

"Sir—it was a long time ago—it was an accident—and i swear I hate myself for it—i won't ever—"

The metallic click of a gun being drawn cut him off.

Mr. H raised the pistol, pressing the barrel between the man's brows.

"Are you going to tell me," he asked gently, "or not?"

The man froze. His pupils trembled. His mouth opened.

Nothing came out.

"Sir---i-i didn't-i—"

"Tick-tock," Mr. H whispered, cocking the gun with his thumb. "Ten seconds. Tell me what you did."

The man could only cry now. His body sagged, strength draining out of him like blood from an open wound.

"Please—i'm begging you," he choked. "ill give you everything i have—money, my car—please don't kill me—"

Mr. H didn't respond right away.

His eyes moved slowly over the man's face, reading him. Every twitch. Every lie. Every flicker of self preservation.

A quiet sigh left him.

"You committed something so cruel, that the truth of it scares you more than this gun does." Mr. h said softly, almost thoughtfully,

The man's sobs only grew more frantic, collapsing in on themselves.

"Should I let you go?" Mr. H asked lightly.

"Please—yes please—hwang please—" the man gasped, crawling closer without thinking.

Silence.

Mr. H tilted his chin, considering him like a specimen under glass.

"Okay," he said finally. "I'll let you go."

The crying stuttered. Slowed. Hope—ugly, desperate hope—flooded the man's face as he looked up.

Mr. H crouched again.

"But this will be our little secret, okay?" he murmured gently. "You can't tell anyone. Or I'll be in very big trouble."

The man's breathing hitched.

"And if mom finds out you got me in trouble..." Mr. H continued, voice softening into something sickeningly familiar, "...she'll be really mad at you."

The words didn't belong to him.

They were borrowed.

The man stopped breathing for a second.

Recognition hit him like a physical blow.

Mr. H smiled.

"Sounds a little familiar," he said quietly, tilting his head, "hm?"

Without another second, Mr. H lifted the gun and pulled the trigger.

The man's eyes didn't even get the chance to widen.

The shot cracked through the room. A wet, ugly sound followed. Blood burst from the back of his skull, splattering the concrete behind him. Fragments of bone flicked outward like shrapnel. Thick red poured from his forehead in heavy streams, sliding down his face as if

it had always belonged there.

His body twitched once.

Then slowly folded to the side.

Still.

Chains rattled somewhere to the left.

There was another man. Bound the same way. Wrists raw from metal. Ankles chained. Tape sealing his mouth shut. He had witnessed all of it. Every second.

"You men are ridiculous," Mr. H murmured, almost amused. a quiet laugh slipped from him. "and people wonder why women are angry."

The second man was shaking so badly the chains scraped against the wall. Greasy hair clung to his forehead. His expienieve cologne couldn't mask the stale reek of cigars and sweat. His stomach strained against his shirt as he began to sob behind the tape, muffled and animalistic.

"Oh, no. Not just women." Mr. H tilted his head slightly, correcting himself. "Girls. Boys. Men. Dogs. Cats. Corpses. Babies. Family members. Strangers. Anything that can be twisted into something sexual."

He sighed.

"And that's the problem, isn't it? In the eyes of people like you, everything can be."

He re-cocked the gun with a smooth click that echoed far louder than it should have.

"So instead of telling someone to cover up—as if fabric has ever stopped a rotting mind—maybe we remove the rot instead." He gestured lazily with the gun. "Wouldn't that be more efficient? Less exhausting?"

The man's eyes flicked down to the spreading pool at Mr. H's feet. Thick, dark clots settled into the cracks of the floor. He gagged behind the tape, body jerking as bile rose in his throat.

"Oh, stop," Mr. H rolled his eyes, stepping closer. Slow. Deliberate. The sound of his shoes sticking faintly to blood.

The chained man screamed into the tape, scrambling backward until his shoulders hit concrete. Nowhere left to go.

Mr. H looked down at him.

Unimpressed.

"Shut up," Mr. H drawled softly. "If you make too much noise, they'll hear. And I'll get in trouble."

Again—the words weren't his.

They sat wrong in his mouth. Childlike. Rehearsed. Borrowed from somewhere rotten.

He stepped forward slowly. It only took a few strides to close the distance.

The man's breathing stuttered.

By the time Mr. h stopped, there was less than a metre between them. Close enough to feel the heat of fear radiating off him. Close enough to hear the uneven wet hitch in his lungs.

Mr. H leaned in.

He raised the gun between their faces, the metal catching the dim light. The man didn't dare move. Even his trembling seemed to freeze.

The muzzle hovered inches from the tape over his mouth.

"Open," Mr. H said calmly.

The man tried. God, he tried. His jaw strained uselessly beneath the tape, a pathetic whimper leaking through the seal as his body flinched again and again.

Mr. H tilted his head, studying him like a science experiment.

"Not going to?" he murmured. "Should I make it easier for you?"

He paused.

"I could put honey on it. It'll taste better."

His tone was gentle. Encouraging. Wrong.

The man's eyes widened—not just in fear now, but in shameful recognition.

Mr. H twinkled. Soft. Sweet.

"Sounds familiar, doesn't it?"

The gun pressed slightly harder against the tape.

Chapter End Notes

i'll post next chapter soon, but i'm not making a promise but my goal is to post soon and i hope i post soon but i'm not going to tell you that i will incase i don't. ok?

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!